

MUSICAL

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THE
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1884



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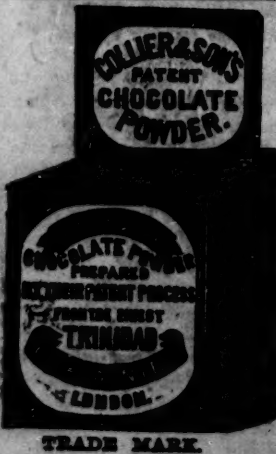
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Dr. Loocock's Pulmonic Powders give instant relief and a rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all Disorders of the Throat and Lungs. All Throat Affections are immediately relieved by allowing one occasionally to dissolve in the mouth. To Singers and Public Speakers they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a pleasant taste.

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Under Royal Patronage.

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Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

DECEMBER 1, 1864.

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TELL US, O DOVE.

PART SONG.

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Tell us, oh dove, with the rainbow breast,
Dainty dove from fair lady's bow'r,
Tell us, we pray thee, of love's unrest
And how it speedeth the languid hour?
"I folded my wing on a maiden's heart,
I pressed my beak to her lip so pale,
For she and her lover were far apart,
And sounds of war were upon the gale."
Did she weep?
Did she sigh?
Did she fear?
Did she die?
"Oh, no! for she murmur'd 'he'll come again.'"

II.

Tell us, oh raven, with sombre breast,
Raven dark from the battle field,
Tell us how fared then the lover's quest
In search of fame, in his armour steeled?
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HEAVILY HIT.

By VALERIE ST. JAMES.

CHAPTER V.

THE OPINION OF COUNSEL.

It was getting on towards midnight when a carriage drove up with a clatter of deserted streets to the entrance of the Royal Hotel at Ruddibourne. A gentleman, muffled in a long black cloak with a hood, such as they wear in British North America when the frost is biting, sprang out, saying to the driver,
"You needn't drive me home. I'll walk. Go and put your beast up."

"Very well, sir," replied the man, touching his hat and turning his horse's head down a side lane leading to the stables. The innkeeper, a portly, sycophantic-looking personage, with a wisp of Saxon yellow brushed up the centre of his shining head, met the arrival with a profusion of bows.

"Very cold to-night, Mr. Mainwaring. Been at Mr. Venning's, I understand. Yes, sir. Sherry and soda. Immediately, sir. Just step into No. 7."

Number seven was a comfortable enough parlour, with the usual amount of distressingly new furniture characteristic of pretentious houses of entertainment. Mr. Mainwaring threw himself down on the sofa, and stared reflectively at the gaselier, whilst a somnambulist waiter brought in some sherry and a bottle of soda-water.

"What o'clock is it, waiter?"

"Clock, sir? Yessir. Past eleven, near 'alf hour, sir."

"Very good. There, keep the change. Cut!"

"Yessir. Thank ye, sir."

Mr. Mainwaring sipped his liquor, still musingly. He was a good-looking, sinister-expressioned man, and was arrayed in evening dress. Having finished his reverie and his soda and sherry, Mr. Mainwaring walked out of the hotel, and took the road home. It was a

dark night, faintly redeemed by the occasional gas-lamps along the streets.

"Cursedly dull place this!" muttered Mainwaring to himself, as he strode along. "Might as well live in Timbuctoo. Wish to God I could afford to be my own master, and do what I liked. At this hour how often in Venice have I wooed a fair girl from the moon-lighted lagoon. Paris, the Rhine-land, everywhere except here, is the soft exquisite existence for which my blood runs wild. But I am planted in the midst of cabbages and thistles. Hah! here's actually one feminine abroad."

A girl, respectably dressed, was walking a little distance before him.

"My dear—"

"Let me go, sir," replied the girl, struggling from his embrace. "You've made a mistake."

He laughed loudly at the idea.

"No, no, my pretty wench, we'll travel the same road."

"Let me go, you scoundrel. I'll shriek. It's very hard a decent girl can't get leave to go home."

Mainwaring was getting disgusted with the cabbage, the thistle.

"Bah! go," he said, giving the terrified girl a push, which had the effect of startling her into a run; "who the devil cares?"

He strode along with a few curses by way of Partisan adieu.

Mr. Mainwaring, attorney-at-law, was clever, well-read, travelled, and was exquisitely immoral. He sailed into society carrying a letter-of-marque against virtue and honourable principle generally. And yet the social varnish of refinement, education and the like, lay so thick on Mr. Mainwaring's conduct that his reputation was that of a most agreeable gentlemanly fellow. At the worst, he was perhaps too much a man of the world, but then who would quarrel with such a lenient verdict?

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He had reached a cottage residence on the outskirts of Ruddibourne, enclosed by a railing, and surrounded apparently by a scrap of a garden. A brilliant yellow stained the windows with radiance, which seemed rather to astonish Mr. Mainwaring, for he said, as he searched for his key,

"Old Martha seems festally disposed to-night. I had thought the ancient dame would have been a-bed long since."

Opening the door, he advanced into the hall, where he was met by a little old woman, clad in the antique style, with her waist close under her armpits, a Gothic frill cap, and large black list slippers. Her face was of faded orange colour, the brow and chin protruding, leaving the rest of the countenance in modest recess.

"Why, Martha, you're late up. You ought to know better than wait for me at nights."

The little old woman bobbed up and down with mathematical correctness.

"Praise be! Mr. Mainwaring. I would ha' gone to bed, yes, long ago. My cousin arrived about eight o'clock."

"My cousin, eh?"

"Praise be! a fine young lady."

"A fine young lady!" Mainwaring looked hard at Martha to see if she was in a state of temporary insanity; but the old dame was nothing of the sort.

"She said you did not expect her till t'morrow; but she came by the last train. Praise be! I've aired the best bedroom, and got the young lady her supper."

Mainwaring was by far too experienced a man and a lawyer to cross-examine his old housekeeper, so without parley he entered his sitting-room, where Martha told him his cousin was to be found. A comfortable fire blazed in the grate, fragments of supper heightened the domestic look of the scene, and on a sofa, stretched in an easy attitude of rest, lay Mr. Mainwaring's mysterious guest. She sprang up as he entered, thereby displaying a magnificent figure, and a cold, haughty face, with a considerable share of beauty. She might be a woman of thirty, was richly dressed, and flung around her soft essences, those choice odours which enhance the glamour of feminine loveliness. As Mainwaring stared at her in the deepest state of wonderment, she cried out in a voice almost masculine in its tones,

"Well, old fellow, how are you? This is an unexpected pleasure, isn't it?" laughing loudly at Mainwaring's dismay.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Mainwaring, "Fanny Boteler—what in the name of all that's wicked and incomprehensible has brought you here? Why, you know, its horribly imprudent. It will play the very devil with me here, if people get to know."

"Don't be an ass," said Fan, resuming her seat on the sofa. "Have some sherry. People won't know, unless you like to tell them. Madonna! you should have seen the impression I made on your elderly Abigail—apropos I see you are doing things steady down in this Eden—the charming old oddity," here she again broke out into a shout of laughter, "didn't even see the impropriety of a pretty cousin coming to look you up."

"A pretty cousin you'd be," said Mainwaring, who at once saw that he must make the best of it. "But, seriously, Fan, you must tell me what you're down about, and what stay you're going to make. I put it to your good sense, that however much I value your charming society ('Don't talk bosh,' said the lady), it won't do, you know. We're not in Paris, nor yet in Cologne."

"Ah! that dear, dirty, narrow-streeted Cologne," mused Miss Boteler, letting the original thread of the conversation slip through her jewelled fingers. "Do you know I once made a fat priest fall in love with me up at the cathedral? Madonna! it was fun. The shaveling, I verily believe, would have given the vial with the virgin's tear, if I had been cruel enough to demand that precious and veritable relic. Stay! there's some one rapping at the door. Come in!"

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"No, Martha, thank you, I won't require you any more to-night. Take great care of yourself, dear, for my sake. Good night."

The door shut on Martha, and the strange lady threw herself on a lounge and burst into a peal of laughter. Mainwaring stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at her, and then said:

"Now, Fan, to business."

"To business be it. I like business, it excludes humbug."

"Well, then—where are you from?"

"Scotland, I have been there but a week; before that, France."



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"Next, what do you want (of all places in the world) from Ruddibourne?"

"Mainwaring, can I trust you?"

"Well, that's good. Come, I like that. Haven't you come here on that supposition?"

"True. If I hadn't known you thoroughly before, I should not have been here. You can help me; by your advice, perhaps,—certainly by your knowledge."

"Yes? have you got into a Rosamond's Bower of Law?"

"Pshaw, no—and if I had, I have friends at Westminster. I come to you not as a client."

"Well, to the point then. In what character?"

"As one who wishes to know more of a certain person in Ruddibourne."

"At Ruddibourne we don't understand love. We are practical at Ruddibourne."

My mistress knit her brow impatiently.

"Bah! you misapprehend me. I seek no lover, to discard his spindles and spinning Jennies. 'Tis a woman I am seeking."

"A woman!"

"Yes, a woman—my kith and kin, my blood and bone—my sister, to drop mystery."

Mainwaring was startled in reality.

"It won't do, Fan. You can't persuade me any such thing. No, no, you are unique, my Boteler. Like some rare bird which counts the centuries by one merely of a family, so you wing your brilliant passage unparalled by sister or brother. I cannot admit another Boteler."

Mainwaring laughed sarcastically as he spoke.

"Listen!" cried Fan, after a pause, "you know something of my history, but not all. Like most men, quick in their own conceit, you imagine you have riddled my life by some old maxim of your trade. But you have not. I shall tell it you now."

"Good," said Mainwaring, "I should think, now, your history ought to be interesting?"

She took no heed of the interruption, but proceeded, her deep eyes looking fully, as it were, out of the present into the past.

"My father died after my mother. He was an improvident man. Not with a precarious income—for he was not of the working classes, who live from hand to mouth. He belonged, indeed, to a respectable profession, but died, leaving us penniless. By us, I mean my younger sister and myself. At that time I might be about twenty, and Clara about eighteen."

"Clara? that was your sister's name?"

"Yes, penniless women, sold out of our home, we naturally stretched our hands to friends—blood relations for a preference. My advice to the destitute thenceforward has been, last thing of all to seek their bread from kindred. Let it pass. (God knows I tried to live honestly.) We took humble lodgings, and worked at all manner of unprofitable labour, till life became a burden. I was not born to it. I could not stand the task of a white slave. Mind, I don't seek your pity, so, if I try to excuse my after sin, I only tell what surely I felt then. As for Clara, she was a more pliant spirit than myself, and toiled unweariedly, when I threw up my task in despair. The tempter came at last. I bade him stand aloof, and made one last pilgrimage to the door of my relations. When I came back I came back to sin. Clara soon got to know it. Let me hurry over these terrible times; it is enough that you read merely the headings of my life-chapters. One day, returning to the village where we lived, from a week of gaiety in London, I found Clara gone. I was not surprised, and, indeed, had almost urged her, for her own peace, to leave me. Still, I felt the desertion keenly, and I tried hard to trace where she had gone."

"And failed, of course."

"For many long years, yes—long years of splendid shame, purple-draped vice. I need not speak of such to you. You have seen me before, and know what I am."

"If I follow you right, you found her—Clara, I mean—again? Married, no doubt, to virtuous indigence, and scorning her wayward sister?"

"Oh, no—no, surely not that!" cried my mistress, "scorn me!—do not kill me with such a hideous thought. But I have not seen her yet."

"By-the-by," said Mainwaring, "I had quite forgotten that this sister, who fled the moral plague of London, is living in Ruddibourne. And you have come down to see her? Very good. I only wish she may be as complaisant as I am."

"By the merest chance I found out, when on the Continent last spring, about my sister. It appears that

after she left me she managed to obtain some kind of situation in a family—nursery-governess or something. They were pleased with her refined manner, and took her to Germany, where she remained with them several years, improving her education when opportunity offered. She had taken the name of Miss Conway."

"Miss Conway!" Mainwaring started from his negligent attitude, and listened with breathless interest.

"And, in short, on returning to England, attracted the notice of a manufacturer, whom she subsequently married."

"And the name of this manufacturer?"

"Is Venning. You of course know him. I believe she is happy with her husband and a little girl she has brought him. You seem agitated, what's the matter with you?"

"Well, Fan, this is a strange tale, but you have not told me yet what your particular motive is for seeing your sister."

"I scarcely know. Save this, that I am alone,—oh! awfully alone—in the world; and an irresistible impulse drives me on, through mists, and rain, and snow, to seek my sister."

"You repent, then? A sort of qualm—moral blue-devils, eh?"

"Mainwaring, don't talk so to me. I know you of old—you cold cynic, ginaur from any creed of love or fidelity. But oh! I entreat you by everything you hold dear to you, assist me by your advice,—tell me how I should try to gain back my sister's love and respect."

In her earnestness she fell on her knees before Mainwaring, her rich black silk dress spreading round his feet.

"That'll do, Fan. Seat yourself, and let us talk rationally. Now, I happen to know both your sister and her husband. Venning is a reserved, cold man,—risen from the ranks, they tell me,—and sees little of the world. In fact, his whole pleasure and relaxation seem to me to be at home. And a precious quiet home it is. I was up at dinner there to-night, a sort of yearly sacrifice on Venning's part."

"And did you see her? Does she look much older? Tell me of Clara."

"Oh! for the matter of that, your sister is looking well enough. We were a small party, and had a little music, with coffee, in the drawing-room. Just in the quiet respectable style that corroborates Venning's history."

"But you do not tell me of my sister—and how I am to seek her?"

"Impatient! How French we are! I am a little professional at present, stating my case. Now for the bearing of a principle."

"Well?"

"Generally speaking, then—putting out of sight yourself, and Mr. Venning, and the rest—I ask you, what reception would a respectable man, who had married a friendless but spotless girl, give to a sister not partaking that reputation—recollect, I am merely viewing the matter in a purely logical way—what reception would such a sister likely meet, on claiming the kinship of a man who was totally unaware of her existence?"

She did not answer, but seemed to await further speculation from the unbiassed Mainwaring.

"I am inclined to think," he continued, summing up in his cold, professional way, "that the husband would be uncommonly angry—not with the wandering sister—but with his wife, who, of course, had never breathed a syllable about such a relation. That's what I think would happen, if you addressed yourself to Venning. He's just a man of that sort; a regular washed and combed Pharisee. But again, suppose that, instead of announcing to him your relationship, you contented yourself with making it known to your sister that you have discovered her retreat, how then?"

"Ah, how then?"

All interest centred in the next five minutes.

"Alas! Fan, you and I know human nature. If I chose to be reflective, I could recall many heartless things which in the policy of life have come under my notice. But it is needless to do so. In your case, a deal depends on the natural disposition of your sister. I confess I cannot make out a good case for you, dispassionately concluding from your own confession. When you were in poverty and shame, she deserted you."

"But remember the circumstances!"

"I do remember everything. But it is my belief of a noble woman—I confess I have never met with one, however—that the deeper the sorrow and shame of

those near and dear to her, the more will she staunchly cling to them."

"Still, Mainwaring, let me magnify my own disgrace, that I may defend Clara from the imputation of heartlessness. My sin is the sin that is never forgiven—the leprosy that is put without the camp. You would not have had the innocent girl remain within the reach of the contagion?"

"Yes! Fan, I would have had her stay a thousand times the more. Why should your sin, of all the others, be exempt from the pity and charity of your species?"

"It is so."

"It is so. Well! your sister acted the prudent part that a prospective wife of Venning would do, did she know the future. Again, I ask you, what reception you are, in the fashion of this world, to expect from a respectable soul, which fled for purity's sake from sisterly love into the Open of Life? From a dutiful wife, who fears, while she loves, her husband, and during the long years of absence from you never chequered the sunshine of respectable repose with the difficult hope that she might still call you home, Magdalene though you might be?"

"Mainwaring, you are a tempter. You ask me to cast off the last sacred feeling I have. How can you tell my sister's heart? She might not, from a thousand causes, have had it in her power to succour me, even if she knew where I was to be found, which I doubt. Oh, no! I cannot believe that Clara will meet me except as my darling sister!"

"You are sanguine. A southern richness, my Fan, late wandering amongst vines and sunny skies, has coloured in too rosy tints the cold aspects of our island life."

"Stay your irony, Mainwaring. I will not suffer it," cried the lady, with her eyes all floating in troubled light.

"Well, well, as you will. But we must speak of detail. I must know what you intend doing."

"I have no plan. I told you so before. I only wish to have one interview with my sister."

"That may be managed, and it must be soon. Indeed, you must see Clara—Mrs. Venning—this week. Further, it is absolutely necessary that you conceal from her that I am the very least acquainted with your relationship, or that you know me at all. You will at once see the necessity of this, Fan, and won't blame me making the condition."

"You may trust me," she answered, sadly, "but how can I so contrive an interview? Shall I write first?"

"No, it is not necessary. Venning is absent from home all day. He is a man of that kind. You have merely to go and call as any visitor might. They live about a mile and a half up over the hill, and you had better go out there to-morrow forenoon. But recollect my warning, Fan. You go expecting an answering tide of affection to roll surging to your heart. Be content if it is the tiniest rill that ever dropped from a cave-roof. You will of course ask to know her and hers in the future—'twould be worse than folly, this enterprise of yours, otherwise?"

"I do not know," she replied, hurriedly; "I shall act on the impulse of the moment. She may offer me a home—I know not—or perhaps intercede with her husband—"

"But if not, Fan—if this pure Venning urge her respectability against your fame—her husband's uprightness against your sisterly claim of kindred—what will you do in such a case?"

He spoke in the calm sarcastic tone that wounds the heart with its deliberate point. She writhed under the cruel words.

"Oh, Mainwaring, if you have a heart, do not anticipate such a to-morrow! I know not what will become of me, in such a case. God help me, a sinner."

And she buried her face in a velvet cushion whilst the attorney, staring at the fire, watched in silence the ashes settle down into grey.

CHAPTER VI.

HALF CONFIDENCES.

Past moonlight. The mounting moon silvered the Old House which lurked in the trees over the hill. Not a bed, though all the visitors were long since gone. Mr. Venning and Clara sat together in her little boudoir, both watching the ashes dropping in the waning fire. In silence. No such time for a reverie, generally of the saddest, as when a monotonous life, startled from its stillness by the glare of lights and the noise of gay company, settles again into its old ways, with food

gathered for thought. For a dreary retrospect is still more dreary after an accident of mirth and lightheartedness; as a winter avenue flooded with snow, spectral-lined with trees, is the more dead to the marriage guest flushed from the ball-room, its music and its dancing.

Clara was dressed with evening magnificence sitting well on her look of high-born loveliness. She lay in semi-recline in a lounging chair; her husband sat opposite her.

"What a heartless world we live in, Clara," he observed at length—"from first to last of our existence, how transparently mean is the grand principle of all action."

"You are cynical, Noel, to-night. I confess our party of friends (save the mark!) has not been one of the brightest examples of disinterested attachments; still"—

His wife spoke thus far in the world's favour. Still—the contingent possibility was left to his fancy, that in much hollowness was hidden some little sincerity. There was another long pause; husband and wife reliving their past. His commonplace truism that the world is heartless was doubtless a moral from his life, as memory called it before him.

He spoke again, after a pause. This time in more trustful tones, and with an affectionate regard thrown on his delicate wife.

"On such a night as this," he said, "I like to reflect on the time we first met, for then truly began what I choose to call my life. On a night of this kind, after the last civility has been idly said to me and to you, by people who care not one pin for us, nor we for them; when the last carriage has crackled away on the gravel, and left us alone, with a slight smack of worldliness lingering in our home. I do not say that I am justified in sneering at the method of society. Perhaps it is necessary. I am so far optimist as to concede that society has chosen the best scheme of manners possible for its interests. I belong, Clara, as you know, to the class of those who have risen from the ranks. It is customary to laud the ambition which prompts such a rise, and most people fancy that he who has thus conquered fortune must be happy indeed."

"Well, Noel, is it not so? Yourself, for instance."

"Myself, for instance. My darling, I had a terrible novice before I met you; attribute all my asceticism, all my rallery, to its traces still lingering about me, as the marks of illness hang round the invalid. Happy!—you shall hear. I was homeless when yet a mere child. I grew up to be a man through days and months and years of unremitting toil. That was nothing,—on the contrary, hard work often carries salvation with its burthen—but I had no friends. Neither home, nor brother nor sister, father nor mother had I."

"My poor Noel!"

"Somehow or other it was my fate never to make any friends from the operatives among whom my lot was cast. They were for the most part illiterate and vulgar-minded men. Times have changed for the working class since then, Clara. You will find amongst them now the refinement of soul, the education of intellect, that I could not discover then. There lay the secret of my success. I was peculiar from my fellows. Whilst they drank and ate, and wasted their hours away, I laboured hard to raise myself above them. I succeeded, and from one stage to another mounted high on the ladder of advancement. To what end, think you, was my sweat by day, my strained mind by night? Oh! my Clara, I was alone, alone in this miserable, selfish world, and I strove for gold to buy myself companionship amongst men,—affection to lay on my heart. Was not I a pitiful fool?"

"Oh, no! my husband, it was a noble thought that prompted you to gather treasure, and lay it all upon the shrine of love!"

"I doubt it much. As ever, 'twas but a phase of many-sided selfishness. But I was punished. When I entered the gates of Society, and Position stretched forth the hand of fellowship, I felt with a chill that I was yet a Solitary on the desert. I could have sat down and wept, had not my life wasted away my tears long before. My Clara, there is no more awful sentence in the Book of Life than that of him who is 'left to himself'; and only second to the desertion of his God, is man's abandonment by man. It was my state, when I met you. Your history seemed linked into my own by incident. You, too, had not a friend nor relation left."

He paused a moment, as if for confirmation. She bent her head, but looked not into his face.

"You, too, heard the battle of life muttering in your ear, whilst still a mere girl. Did you not feel, as I have done, the want of kith or kin—some one to love and be loved by?"

She made no sign, but her face was shaded by thought. He went on—

"We men have less to complain of, after all, than you. Always in the front of the battle, accomplishing, attempting, labouring ever, we have not the same long trials of our souls. It is not true, my Clara, that tragedy walks stately on ramparted terraces only, that heart-agony is intensest where the sufferer is illustrious, or that swords and blood, death and degradation, are the accompaniments of the deepest mortal woe. Tell me, my own darling, if ever in the lone part of your life, when nestled in some strange hamlet by the alien Rhine, you have realised this of an afternoon, whilst children prattled around you and your fingers for a moment delayed in the meshes of a golden netting?"

Mrs. Venning rose from her chair, and crossing to her husband, knelt down before him, and laid her cheek in his bosom.

"Dearest heart! you are weeping. Have I touched a chord which ought not to be swept? Unlucky hand of mine; but it was not unfeelingly meant."

"No, no, my husband," replied Mrs. Venning in a low voice; "but neither of us can feel happy, looking over our lives."

"Let it pass, then; it is otherwise now. I have trusted all my peace and happiness to you, Clara."

"And I—oh! I shall strive to be worthy of you."

"I pray God, who has given you to my heart"—he laid his hands on her head as she knelt before him—"that he will keep us united ever as now: that he who has given me in my loneliness a pure and noble woman, will preserve her to me who have none other in all the world to love."

There never was, since the world began, such a thing as an absolute confidence. Yea, though man to man would reveal his every thought, it were still impossible; he could not do so. Every soul carries within it some life secret, which father with child, lover with lover, friend with friend, husband with wife, never yet shared.

CHAPTER VI.

KING FOUNDS A FEAST.

Mrs. Pickling was preparing to go out to tea; and to that end was adorning her elderly brows with wreaths, not of laurel, but of false hair, which in her case was an infinitely more useful material. It was about half-past six P.M., by Mrs. Pickling's watch (a large silver engine afflicted with loud palpitation of the heart), so that the lady had just light enough coming through her little paned window to finish her toilette by. Mrs. Pickling, who was inclined to be "robustious," as she was wont to remark, was a good size for her apartment (twelve by ten) when arrayed in every-day cotton; but when she was arrayed, as on that particular evening, in all the glory of a black satin dress, Mrs. Pickling might be said, figuratively, to pervade all space. The evening, as any one of Mrs. Pickling's friends could have told upon viewing that lady's toilette through the window or keyhole, was to be a brilliant one; for that satin gown had been presented to Mrs. Pickling by the late Mrs. Cantre, (mother of the late Mr. Cantre, of Cantre, M.P. for the borough,) with whom she had filled the important office of housekeeper, and in consequence was only displayed upon Mrs. Pickling's person on state occasions.

Having succeeded in making herself highly respectable—a result invariably following from a black satin dress—Mrs. Pickling carefully raked the embers back into the grate, then, locking the door behind her, descended a stair into the street. Mrs. Pickling occupied a room over the Misses Swerff, dressmakers, who retained, with one or two lodgers to fill up, all the rest of the house. As she shook gently down the street, a few respectful salutations, doffing of caps, and "good ev'nin's" from passers by, plainly denoted Mrs. Pickling as an individual of some note in Buddibourne. And so she was. The golden legend ran that Mrs. Pickling had untold treasure in her little room over the Milliner's shop, and the destination of the hoard, after she should be gathered to her mother (Mrs. Pickling had some little geographical difficulty about her father), was a topic of great interest among such of her acquaintances as were blessed with families. There is a popular error of surpassing magnitude and enduring perpetration which supposes that the hearts of rich solitaires are captivated—yes, even unto the making of

wills and codicils with a favourable impost—by tire-some children, with undeveloped noses and vague notions of civilised behaviour. The rich Argosies that such youthful legacy-hunters have missed in consequence of their parents' insanity, and which have been thrown away on the sands of public charities and so forth, would doubtless reckon up a nation's wealth in themselves. The disinterested way in which Mrs. Pickling, on her part, entered into the arrangement of being invited out to family teas, was only equalled by the generous sympathy extended by all and sundry towards her unprotected condition. She received, with a gracious condescension, the tea and the cakes, not to mention other refections, laid upon her solitary altar. In these days there flourishes, namelessly, however, a remnant of those ancient Sadducees, who in the days of old thought that virtue was its own reward on earth, and denied the necessity, consequently the existence, of a future state. The modern sect have only made their creed somewhat more gross and sensual; enjoying this world and its pleasures so complacently, that they appear to lay very little stress on future prospects. This practical body of Sadducees recruits very strongly from every sect of religionists; and Mrs. Pickling, from the force of circumstances, was a very prominent member.

King Smith, operative, of the Ruddibourne Foundry, wife and family, were the worshippers who on this occasion were to bring votive offerings, and lay them upon the Pickling shrine, which was, so to speak, an omnivorous altar, and refused nothing. King, so called from a relative of that name, and not from royal association of ideas, was a great burly Englishman, neither intellectual nor religious, but an honest member of society and a good workman. He was one of thousands such—representative men who are always contradicting educational theories by their occasional victories of matter over mind, and who bear amongst their fellows a certain moral weight and supremacy over mental pretension encased in lesser tabernacles. Indeed there dwelt in Ruddibourne a steady feudal submission to physical superiority, which at once elevated King Smith to a position of great importance over his own class. King was huge, and Ruddibourne liked men with lots of bone and muscle. King was not given to much babbling, and Ruddibourne liked men who were not perpetually haranguing their neighbours at Lyceums and the like. King was married, with a small family, and was fond of his beer and his pipe, and Ruddibourne liked married men who indulged in domestic comforts in the midst of a small family. King did not get drunk and beat his wife, and Ruddibourne, whilst it was amazed, had yet heart enough to admire the man who was not a brute.

Mrs. Smith was own sister to George Heath. Older than her brother, she was also a very different person from the Reformer. An active housekeeper was Mrs. Smith, with no mission on earth except a home mission, and a part of whose religious hope it was that if in a future state of bliss there was to be neither marrying nor giving in marriage there will at least be plenty of children to look after with that strict conscientiousness which she exercised towards her own olives. Mrs. Smith was, therefore, quite orthodox on the subject of infant salvation.

The Smiths occupied a neat little cottage out of Ruddibourne proper, and near the Foundry. It was a very different kind of residence from those of Joker's Rents. They had it all to themselves, possessed more room and general accommodation than the operatives who were huddled upon the town, and at a less expense. It is almost millennial to hope for the time when British workmen will go from his work of an evening to a home not reeking with pestilence in the diseased heart of cities, but fragrant with the sweet air of the country—the owl and lark singing and twittering his welcome. If the calculations of skilful and learned philanthropists are to be believed, the millennium may be hovering on the wings of to-morrow; but to the working myriads the deliverance seems too great, and with scarcely a glance at the bright vision, they struggle on in the daily fight with want, pestilence, and death.

At length everything was ready for Mrs. Smith's tea-party. An extra polish had been bestowed upon the kitchen, called, in times of festivity, the parlour. The tin dishes, brass gas pipes, the grate, in a word every household article capable of emitting sparkle, had been rubbed to the verge of metallic endurance. The youngest Smith, rising three that year's grass, who had been in a state of howl with symptoms of convulsions on re-

fleeing that seven p.m., the fatal hour, was also the time that he retired into the private life of a wooden box placed in an adjoining room, was finally lulled to repose with both hands rigidly clasped on fragments of bun. The tea-things were all paraded in glittering semicircles on a Bird of Paradise tray, which at other times did duty over a chest of drawers as an oil painting; the kettle was chattering socially on the hob, Mr. King Smith was resplendent in his Sunday best, and, as has been remarked before, everything was ready.

And just in time too, for punctually as a Connecticut clock struck the hour against its serpent coil of wire, a rap announced the first arrival, and Mrs. Pickling, with a huge calash (of Cantre extraction) on her head, was ushered into the room, and immediately, therefore, forwarded into the adjoining bedroom. In process of time she re-emerged, calmly dignified, and was seated with much ceremony in the arm-chair of honor by the fire. A preconcerted movement surrounded the arm-chair with a body guard of young Smiths in pinafores, all of whom had an itching desire to stroke Mrs. Pickling's satin dress with their objectionable hands. Mrs. Smith herself devoted her attention to the Pickling shrine. As for King, he was a little awkward at first, in the presence of so much aristocracy, and relieved his mind by getting hold of a stray child, and lavishing upon it caresses, which might be termed the very gymnastics of paternal affection.

"It's a good step down to us m'm," remarked Mrs. Smith, having exhausted the weather, and stroked down Maria Smith's hair, till that young person was almost frantic; "but we'll have a good cup o' tea soon."

"Pray don't hurry on my account, though certainly the walk does sharpen one up a bit," replied Mrs. Pickling, all condescension and affability in equal proportions.

"Won'tee sit nigher the fire, mistress?" said King, in self defence. Mrs. Pickling was already on the highway towards an *auto de fé*. But with that courtesy which is disregarded of fires, she moved her chair about one inch nearer martyrdom, and smiled towards King her grateful thanks for his thoughtful kindness.

"And these are your dear children? What I says is I always like to see plenty of children." Mrs. Pickling might have added "at a distance" with the most perfect truth, but this candour would have interfered with the general conduct of a Sadducee, so she refrained. Another summons at the door released Mrs. Smith from her priestly duties, and Mrs. Pickling took advantage of her absence to repel certain advances of the Misses Jane-Anne and Maria Smith, which involved contact betwixt their bodies and the sacred folds of the Cantre legacy.

Mrs. Smith returned with two additional guests. One was an elderly man, with an intelligent face, clad in a blue coat with bright gilt buttons; and the other a youth of some two-and-twenty, of a pale, studious look, and arrayed in decent black. They were father and son, the former being a mill-manager with Mr. Venning, and the latter a student of divinity at the College of St. Mary in the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

"Come away, Allan," cried King, delighted to have somebody to keep him countenance in the awful majesty of the Pickling presence, "we had a'most given you up. How are you, James?" shaking hands with the student, "and yourself seats."

Allan Leslie, however, in true Caledonian fashion, was bent on shaking hands all round.

"I'm thinkin'," he said, producing a snuff-box, and leisurely inhaling its aromatic pain, "I hav'na the pleasure o' this ledly's acquaintance."

This was in reference to Mrs. Pickling, who, as strict etiquette demanded of her, was gazing abstractedly at the fire.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," cried Mrs. Smith, "this is Mr. Leslie, m'm, allow me to make him known to you. And this is Mr. James Leslie, m'm. Now,"—to Allan, spreading out his blue coat, and sitting sedately down beside Mrs. Pickling—"if you'll attend to the lady, I'll see about the tea."

Allan accordingly entered into conversation with Mrs. Pickling, who was courteous as became a gentlewoman from Cantre Palace, and almost turned King Smith's kitchen into a drawing-room. Last guest of all, came in George Heath, just as the company had commenced tea.

"I'm sorry for keeping you waiting, Sarah," he said to his sister, sitting down at the table, "but I was kept awhile trying to make peace between man and wife."

"Ay? who's that?" enquired Mrs. Smith.

"Gabriel Tye and his wife. You know about them, I dare say, Allan?"

"Oo-weel that," said Allan, "that was a bad story about their lassie."

"God help her!" said George, "it was. Well, it seems Gabriel is allowed something to let her live in peace with honest old Tom, the cobbler. Last night he got some of this money, and the poor wretched man has since been in a state of brutal drunkenness, beating his wife, and annoying the whole court."

"These common people," observed Mrs. Pickling to her hostess, "are always making beastesses of themselves."

"Ay, lass!" said Allan, searching for his yellow silk handkerchief *de profundis* of his long-tailed coat, "but some of the same folk are no to be sair blamit."

This assertion King, who never could by any effort of ingenuity comprehend anybody's exact meaning in abstract questions, backed up by saying,

"You're raicht, friend Allan! A pint o' good beer's no a bad thing; and if you put in summat short, why, it's an the better."

Mrs. Pickling murmured something corroborative of this view, ending with the words, "and mull it." But Leslie ended further speculation by saying—

"Dootless, dootless, I've nothing against leeqnor in the abstract; what I mean to say is, that if a workin' man has a dirty house or a scolden wife, and ill cared-for bairns, it's little wonder he takes to the glass."

The conversation then became more general, Mrs. Smith the while performing kettlefuls of miracles, turning hot water into excellent tea, by a little jerk of her elbow.

"I think tea's the most refreshinest thing possible," remarked Leslie, as he finished his fifth cup (but the beverage was certainly seductively good). "No, thankee, mistresses, I've done, and am no that sure but that I ha' been guilty of moral dissipation in takin' sae much already."

This novel phase of intoxication was pleasantly received, and as Leslie brought up the rear-guard of the tea-drinkers, the great event of the night was over, and well over too.

The comfortable room was somewhat obscured by clouds of pleasant reek issuing from a long clay pipe, which King, thinking he had sacrificed enough to etiquette, had lit, and was smoking with a relish altogether heightened by the presence of Mrs. Pickling in her black satin dress. Mrs. Smith had looked a little overcast at first, but like a good sensible wife, allowed her husband to do as he was accustomed in his own house, a soundly wise proceeding on her part.

"That's a peculiar looking chiel, that Stebbing," said Allan, taking a pinch from his snuff-box, and passing it on to Mrs. Pickling, who gracefully declined the friendly offer, "od! I'm no quite sure o' him. Is he just himsel'!"

"No," replied George, "he has a poor old mother with him. They came into Ruddibourne on the tramp, and I recommended him myself to Mr. Venning. Not so much on his own account, for I don't think greatly of him; but if you had seen his old mother, poor frail body, I hadn't the heart to say I would not help them."

"I'll tell you something, man, that struck me about this Stebbing," said Allan. "Maybe, ye ken, it's my Northern lugs, but I detectit a lock words he used very like the master's."

"Mr. Venning's?"

"Ay—I dinna mean, they use the same dialect, for Stebbing's just outrageous in his speaking," replied the critical Scot, weighing his judgment very deliberately, "and Mr. Venning speaks verra correct,—verra much sae, I maun say for him,—but there's a wheen words and tones that took my ear strangely when I heard the man talkin'!"

"I did not remark that. Perhaps they're from the same district."

"Whaur does the master come from?"

"Nobody knows."

"Weel, it may be. But the resemblance struck me as being very strange."

"How's Jessie liking her new place?" asked George, of Mrs. Smith, after a pause. "I have not seen her this long time."

"Oh she's to be here t'night," replied his sister carelessly, "I'd almost forgot that, King," she continued turning to that gentleman, who was dimly visible in the centre of the smoke-wreaths, "Prancer's comin'." This piece of intelligence not appearing to interest Mr. Smith particularly, his wife resumed to George, "Mrs. Ptolemy's very well pleased wi' Prancer. She's a willing gell."

"That she is, and I'm glad she's left the Factory,

and got into a respectable house; for hard-wrought though a servant may be, still—

"Why here she is!" cried Mrs. Smith, as the door was thrown open with a grand flourish of hinges, "and John too!"

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. PICKLING'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY.

The new arrivals were John, the waiter at the Goat and Cresces (originally perhaps the pious legend "God increases," rather out of character with an inn), and Jessie Smith, commonly called Prancer, a stout, handsome girl, and leant affectionately on John's arm, as laughing immoderately, they advanced into the centre of the room. John was attired in the everlasting black dress coat, with an enormous white neck-cloth, specially adapted for the occasion from a table napkin; and as he handed in Prancer he bowed low to the company, with a fancy which took Mrs. Pickling's fancy prodigiously, and caused her to wipe away a tear which nearly started into her eye, as she reflected on the courtesies of the servants' hall at Cantre-place. Jessie Smith had early acquired the title of Prancer from unknown causes, but it was supposed that the name was meant to be descriptive of a general activity of disposition, the very reverse of perfect repose in manner.

Prancer, in justification of her name, rushed first to her sister-in-law, and kissed her with such vehemence, that Mrs. Smith, in a state of doubt as to her peaceable intentions, could only ejaculate "Bless the gell!" Then, releasing her, Prancer flung her arms round King's neck, breaking the long clay pipe in the process, to Mrs. Smith's perfect satisfaction; and finally wound up with shaking hands vigorously all round.

"Well, Jessie," said George, after a little quiet was restored again, "how do you like Mrs. Ptolemy?"

"Oh! first rate," answered Prancer—George did not call her Prancer because he felt she did not like it—sitting down with a gusty whirlwind of dress beside him, "only I do wish Macaulay was at the back of the fire!" This was said with a heartiness that left not a doubt of her sincerity. "In the morning, me getting up at five, too—it's Master Boulter's got to have his brimstone sweat. And in the forenoon it's Oh! Jessie, do up Master Brown and Master Lompkins in wet sheets—which it must be very uncomfortable I should think. Not to speak of at night afore they go to bed, when it's tincture of rhubarb all round and treacle possets, which they are dreadful things to make for the whole school!"

Prancer being out of breath, the astonished George seized the opportunity to enquire who Macaulay was, that deserved fiery destruction.

"Oh, he's a book with red edges, and it's all tattered and torn, and I only wish with all my heart and soul and my neighbour as myself—oh! bother—I mean—that is to say,"—Prancer felt she was getting to sea, "I hope she'll get it somehow. I'm sure if I can only lay hands on it, but I can't, and the boys, they've been trying to get hold on it these I dunno' how many years, and they can't!"

"But Mrs. Ptolemy does not physie you, Jessie, does she?" asked George, with great glee, pinching Prancer's well rounded arm.

"Physie me!" cried Prancer, laughing; "no, that she don't. She tried it very hard when I first went, but it was no go. But the poor boys!" she shook her head dolorously; "I often wonder how they live."

"So do I, if they go through all that every day," replied George. "But what does Mr. Paul say to so much drugging? Don't he object?"

"He object!" Prancer rolled about in her merriment like a Turkish dervish in a fit. "I think I see him objecting"—a conception which only tended to increase her hilarity. "At this very moment he'll be supping his gruel (I made it before I came out), with his flannel nightcap on, and missus' tartan shawl round his shoulders."

Meanwhile Mrs. Smith had been busily making preparations for supper, assisted by John, who laid the covers with much flourish, which reminded Mrs. Pickling to sigh over the recollections of her own still-room and its vanished glories.

"*Vous etes servis*—supper's ready! ladies and gentlemen—at length said John, and all drew near to the festive board, which was garnished with ham and egg, tripe, and various other luxuries of substantial import, Mrs. Pickling still occupying the high place above the salt. Now John, had, in the munificence of his heart, contributed a bottle of his own Ruddibourne sauce towards the enjoyment of the evening. There was a

history connected with John's sauce. The recipe, which was a tremendous secret, had been conferred upon John in his travels abroad by some foreign *chef de cuisine*, with as much solemnity as if it had been a patent of nobility; and John was reported (on his own authority) to have refused fabulously large sums of money for the secret. So, when John happened to get out of place, which occurred regularly once a month, he was accustomed to devote his whole energies to the production of this sauce, and the retailing thereof to his friends. The salient quality of this condiment was its intense fiery heat. No exotic pickle from either Ind had the slightest chance with it, and, as the manufacturer was wont to boast to his customers, a bottle of it, judiciously managed, would go far to season a lifetime of dinners.

In the course of supping, Mrs. Pickling was tempted to try the Ruddibourne sauce, unaware of its hidden calorific.

"I was allus fond of pickles," she observed graciously to John, who watched the issue of the experiment with the confident hope of the housekeeper's entire approbation, "but sauces is my weakness," saying which, in a moment of misplaced confidence, she swallowed at one gulp as much liquid fire as would have boiled a kettle, if applied to that purpose. Great was the alarm and consternation of the guests, as the housekeeper, her eyes starting out of her head, threw up her hands in agony, screaming that she was poisoned.

"Poisoned!" cried John indignantly. "Blitzen! its as beautiful sarse as ever was made!"

"Oh, if Mr. Ptolemy were here," said Prancer—"or even Macaulay wi' the red edges—but she's a coming to, thank the stars!"

Mrs. Pickling in truth was coming back to life, owing to the exertions of Mr. Smith, who made her swallow a quantity of cold water, a hydropathic treatment having been considered the best suited to the nature of the case.

"Here, missus," said King, pouring out about half a tumblerful of ardent spirits, and handing the same to the unfortunate housekeeper, "just yo' take that raight off—it'll put you an well again!"

Under ordinary circumstances, the libation would probably have had a similar effect to John's sauce, but as it was, Mr. Pickling grasped the tumbler, shut her tearful eyes, and drank the contents off without a murmur. A mild astonishment pervaded the company at this feat. Prancer said nothing, but thought of Macaulay, and almost resolved in the future to carry a copy of that invaluable work, (with red edges) in her pocket for emergencies. Allan Leslie took snuff with elaborate calmness, and resumed supper, an example followed by the rest, after the due condoling with Mrs. Pickling appropriate to the occasion. King, in a telling speech of about three quarters of a minute in length, proposed the health of Mrs. Pickling, who smiled blandly at a piece of bacon which was suspended from the ceiling, and in acknowledgment, addressed a few Delphic sentences, ostensibly to the mustard-pot which stood before her.

But supper came to an end at last, and it was time for the best of friends to part. George said he would see Prancer home, and, accompanied by the two Leslies, set out on their road. Mrs. Pickling still sitting enthroned at the deserted board, and gazing fixedly at her friend the mustard pot, alone remained behind. What ever was to be done with her, Mrs. Smith didn't know, she declared.

"Oh, saint *gris*," said John, who had some compassionate feeling for the victim who had so indisputably established the heating powers of the Ruddibourne sauce; "I'll see her home. Never you fear. Get the old lady's bonnet on."

"Now, John, take good care of her," pleaded Mrs. Smith, who was not altogether disposed to trust her guest with the untold treasures to the waiter's guardianship. "Promise me you'll see her safe home."

"All serene," replied John, as Mrs. Pickling, after saying good night, in a very loose and rambling fashion, grasped his arm tightly and emerged into the cool night breeze. "Good bye t' you. Now then," he continued to Mrs. Pickling, as the door was closed, "come on, old lady."

But the old lady was not disposed to come on—quite the contrary. Not that the evening was full of that subdued loveliness which might entrance the senses of a Pickling; for the sky was overcast, the starlight obscured, and the road only revealed by a gas-lamp at long intervals, flaring into the gloom. But Mrs. Pickling dwelt in a little celestial system of her own, seeing

stars not in the natural firmament, and would insist upon standing stock-still every five minutes, interludes which she employed in shaking the *Cantre Calash* at the unconscious lamp-post. All which was done in the most perfect silence, without so much as one word or tone from the Lady in satin to profane the solemn stillness of the night.

"Pardonnez-moi—that is—you must excuse me, mum! But this won't do," said John, after a succession of these performances, "I can't stay here all night, mum, not if I know it."

This was all very well in the way of mere protest against Mrs. Pickling's mode of going home, but John was in a fix; not daring to leave her alone, however statuesque and beautiful she might appear, reposed against a set of area railings. As he stood gazing at her, and wondering what was to be done, the fountain of Mrs. Pickling's speech was unsealed. Extracting a white pocket-handkerchief from her dress, and dusting away a furtive tear, she opened her mouth, and said—

"I've seen better days—and nights, too, my lady, added John.)—I was born in the lap of luxury, which our visitors they were all carriage-people (fresh accession of furtive tears). And on the Sunday—my father he was the Squier—we 'ad a beautiful pew, which it was 'ung with green—and all the 'umble villagers—(tremendous grief at the recollection)—they used to wait in the park for to see the Squier come hout. Oh, it was a pious sight!"

"Must have been, I should say," remarked John, as the housekeeper relapsed into silence; "but if you suppose that I'm a-going to be a 'umble willager, you're mistaken, that's all."

John had, indeed, come to the conclusion that something must be done—something prompt, practical, and energetic.

"If I could only get a hand-cart or something," soliloquised John, making an excursion into a deserted lane, and casting his glances through the darkness. As fortune would have it, an opportune wheelbarrow was standing in the alley, and finding on trial that it was not locked in any way, John accepted the omen, and wheeled it alongside the stranded argosy—Mrs. Pickling.

"'Carriage stops the way!' he sung out, in high good humour, at the happy chance which afforded him a means of getting Mrs. Pickling home.

The familiar tones, which had, doubtless, often thrilled through a childhood passed in the lap of luxury, and on Sundays in the Squier's pew, fell like softest music on Mrs. Pickling's ear—the very Calash cocked itself aristocratically at the sounds.

"Where is it?" very naturally enquired the housekeeper, looking straight before her. "Where's the footman?"

"Here he is!" replied the deceitful John, putting the nose of the wheelbarrow close to the confines of the satin garment. "Just you stand round a bit, and, *Signora mia*, you'll behold the turn-out."

In implicit obedience to this request, Mrs. Pickling turned her back gradually to the wheelbarrow, when John, watching his opportunity, gently pulled her down, settling her inextricably in the one-wheeled conveyance. The sudden alteration of position completely deprived Mrs. Pickling of speech, and she resigned herself to her fate. The wheelbarrow was not a large one, but it held the body-proper of Mrs. Pickling tightly. The black satin undulated out on every side like the wings of a sable swan, whilst her legs, pointing straight ahead, one on each side of the wheel, led on the way. Bracing himself to this task, John wheeled her along the side-pavement, addressing her as he went, to relieve the tedium of the way:

"So you didn't like my sarse, eh? Poison was it? and here am I, like a babe unborn, a-trundling of you home. *Bien*, I'm a good Catholic, at all events. Hows'umever, I'll just make you do a little of what's called penance, mum, on the Continent. The meaning of which, *Signora*, is that you have got to suffer a little for abusing my sarse. Here goes."

John changed Mr. Pickling's route from the smooth pavement, on to the roughest of rough stony streets.

"Ah ha! How do you fancy that? Ugh! you old faggot,—you devourer of widders and orfings." (This was a little allegorical on John's part, seeing that Mrs. Smith and her brood were not in that unprotected state.) "I'll poison you! Hallo! there now, you're a'-bin and done it at last," cried John, as the wheelbarrow gave a sudden lurch into a hole, and Mrs. Pickling, being, as has been aforetime remarked, robustious, went through the frail seat of her conveyance. Her charioteer turned pale as the sounds of splitting timber

fell on his ear, but, owing to the buoyant properties of the superabounding satin, and the catch of Mrs. Pickling's legs at one end, aided by her head at the other, she was still sustained, after the manner of Mahomet's coffin, in her carriage, which John perceiving, he again wheeled her on her way home.

Fortunately, the Ruddibourne streets were quite deserted, the inhabitants all sunk in the dreamless sleep of toil, so that John arrived at the Misses Swerfs' millinery establishment without let or hindrance from passengers of any kind. But a fresh difficulty arose: how was he to get her into the house? John walked round and round the barrow, reasoning, as it might be, in a circle, but acquired no idea from that exercise. At last, in sheer despair, after threatening to convey her, barrow and all, to the station house, John made a desperate effort to capsize the housekeeper in regular navvie style, on the doorstep. But alas! Mrs. Pickling was wedged in too tightly to be dislodged in so summary a manner.

"By all the Saints in the Calendar," swore John, highly exasperated, "you may go to bed with the wheelbarrow, if you have a mind to. I have done more for you than your own blissid gran'mother, you thankless old divil (shaking his fist at the calash), and you sit there, by George, as if you was in your own parlor."

"That's the ticket at last," he continued, as he drew up the legs of the barrow on the door step, a proceeding which placed Mrs. Pickling in a sloping attitude, with her feet to the foe, if should any come. "Now I'll just let your friends know you've come home."

Saying which, John seized a portentous-looking knocker, and performed a variety of peals upon the door. Then, making a profound salaam to the unconscious Mrs. Pickling, he added—

"You must excuse me, mum, from lookin' arter you any more at present. *Bon soir!* pleasant sleep and happy dreams. Take care of your precious health, and don't catch cold. Poisoned, you old!"

What John was about to call Mrs. Pickling never transpired, for at that moment footsteps were heard coming along the passage, and the ungallant cavalier scuttled off in the direction of the Goat and Cresses, leaving the housekeeper to account for the "carriage" as best she might.

(To be continued).

IN NOVEMBER.

Who travels far has often told
Of broader brighter lands than ours,
Of sunsets rich in purer gold,
Of earth arrayed in deeper flowers;
Where through the slumber of the noon
The citron-groves with odour fill,
And in the glimpses of the moon
The cypresses are dark and still.

Lies many a charm beneath the zone
Of sliding sky and shining sea:
They have a beauty all their own,
But not a dearness unto me.
For standing here on colder clay,
My darling I have daily kist.
The city house is dark and grey:
I love it, looming through the mist.

For matters more than sun or skies
Above these native zeniths brood;
When Love before the threshold lies
The coldest land is warm with good;
And break, O winter, o'er the land,
And hither come, November dim:
My darling takes her lover's hand,
And all the summers smile on him.

Without and round the window pane
The curtains of the fog are drawn;
The streets shall shiver in the rain
Till darkness dripping turns to dawn;
They slowly pass with drooping ears,
The horses plasht at every pace.
The weary night is blind with tears,
But none on the beloved face.

The firelight-flicker on thy chair
Enshrines thee: I am happy now;
I see thee through thy odorous hair
That floateth bending o'er my brow,
And on thy bosom lay my head—
Crack fire, and turn to ashes grey;
Die out romance; the dream is fled;
Not here, my dear, but far away.

D. T.

HAND AND GLOVE.

A CITY NOVELET.

BY L. H. F. DU TERREAUX.

CHAPTER IX.

SHAKEN FOUNDATIONS.

If he had surfeited less on the sweets of prosperity, John Throgmorton's honesty had been stronger. But as his high position necessitated him to wear a coat of the superfine cloth and a waistcoat of the most spotless purity, so he imagined did it require him to put on the flossiest of outward characters. Like many another well-doing man, he regarded it as his duty to expend much in the whitening of sepulchres amid the soot and smoke of the city.

He was a proud man—proud of his standing, of his growing wealth, of his untarnished name, of his personal virtues sounded so loudly by surrounding worshippers. If he had been less this, or if his position had been less than what it was, he could have looked reverses in the face more calmly. But as spreading lands and luxurious homes are dear to those who have grown old in enjoying them, so Throgmorton's reputation was priceless to him now that it seemed likely to be utterly swept away. Not his actual reputation, this, in the counting-house sense; for that would in all probability survive bankruptcy itself; but the reputation of being the sun of the commercial system (as he had been), round which the lesser lights revolved. It was hard to bear after all he had been and done, that the structure should so totter to its base, and the foundation shake; hard that the treasures he had all life toiled for and amassed should thus be taken from him. Better far they had never been. If that most eloquent of prayers prays well for deliverance in all time of our tribulation and all time of our wealth, how needful is its appeal when the order is reversed, and the wealth is followed by the swift tribulation!

All this thought old John Throgmorton, sitting with his head low on his counting-house desk, as the first clouds gathered black with desolation. He had never been a dishonest man, though he was wont to overdo honesty into hypocrisy, and to pass himself off as better than he was. He had been upright in all his dealings; his name did not belie him; he was a righteous, straightforward man of business; for he had never been tempted. There are thousands like him, walking the good earth, born into it with honesty as hereditary as the family plate, and uprightness represented and upheld by their town-house and their bank-book. Leave these intact, and their souls remain strong and pure. Take these away—place before them for consideration virtue and roguery in opposite scales of advantage—and then, in all times of tribulation pursuing all times of their wealth, do Thou deliver them!

The tempest overhead he had foreseen but disregarded, despite the prophets who had prophesied oft before. It was bursting now, and when the first dull sense of pain had passed, he set about calmly to calculate its danger. The day brought tidings on tidings of failure, each of which compromised him seriously; and these he rapidly estimated, and cast up a rough balance. He had extended his business into many branches, from each of which hitherto he had derived large profits; and their very extent now threatened him with ruin, for his liabilities were legion. Towards afternoon he had arrived at a rough guess of the requirement which would stave off ruin and enable him to go on. It was hopeless of attainment, but he knew what it was, and its presence was ever before his eyes in that dim office. Thirty thousand pounds.

The afternoon brought his old friend and neighbour, Standard Brothers, who was ushered into the private office, and had a long interview with Throgmorton. Like him, Standard Brothers was compromised—though not in the same way. A large venture—almost his whole capital—had been entrusted to an Indianman, the Agra Castle, and this vessel was long overdue.

"She ought to have been here weeks ago, Throgmorton," said the sturdy old gentleman, whose energy seemed damped in the prevalent trouble. "The underwriters have given her up—Heaven help us all!"

"Well, my friend," Throgmorton answered, calmly, veiling his own threatening disaster, "you are of course covered by insurance, and the loss, waiving for an instant the thought of poor perished souls, will scarcely affect you."

"Why that's where it is," Standard Brothers replied; "that's where the real ruin lies. She is not insured, Throgmorton—not a cord of her."

John Throgmorton looked up, surprised. "Why what is this? Do you mean to tell me, Standard, that you have been so improvident as to let this vessel sail without covering her? You, a man of careful business habits! Trust so much—you, Standard, you—to a single venture without the precaution of . . . Why merciful goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Throgmorton, "is the whole fabric of commerce coming to pieces, that men are become thus foolhardy? Is all the world mad at this season, when all the world seems going to ruin?"

Standard Brothers sighed. "You are not going to ruin, at all events, Throgmorton. Your position is unshaken."

"Yes," returned Throgmorton, with the thirty thousand staring at him from the walls; "yes. As you remark, Standard, my position, thank Providence, is unshaken."

"And is likely to remain so too."

"And," Mr. Throgmorton reiterated, "is likely to remain so, too."

If Standard Brothers, honest old man, had been the wariest fox on 'Change, instead of a guileless, unsuspecting merchant and gentleman, he would yet have failed to detect the slightest falseness in the steady eyes that looked into his.

"Well," he said, wearily, "it's too late now to amend folly, for there is not an office will underwrite the Agra Castle; and regret is useless as hope; nevertheless I hope and regret. Pray Heaven for the best for us all! Farewell, old friend."

"Standard, my brother," answered Throgmorton, with real emotion this time, "God bless you!"

Thirty thousand pounds! On the wall, in the ledger, about his brain; now in letters of fire, now in dull leaden characters that seemed to hang heavily on his heart. Thirty thousand pounds!

If ruin overtook him; if the worst should be verified, as it promised to be, what then? A debtor's prison was a remote chance; poverty was certain—poverty, likely to remain irredeemable. He a poor man, a bankrupt; he, the rich merchant in London, the toasted of corporations, the benefactor of his race, the builder of an infirmary! He, Throgmorton! The thought was not to be tolerated: how the sternest fact?

Ay, how? He had heard of men, placed like him, whose fair station had been undermined and blown to atoms, after a quarter-century's standing, who had met overthrow with a desperate act. He had heard how a sharp gash, a hollow plunge, a flash of fire, a drop on the tongue, had shut out the world and its cruel eye, and left widows and orphans to mourn the coward who had heaped earthly ruin with the ruin of the soul. Not suicide—no, no—oh, merciful Father, not suicide as yet! The camel and the needle's eye was a hard saying of old; how harder far that which barred the portals of eternity to the desperate rich man suddenly become poor!

Yet there they were, and they burnt into his soul. The words of fire, of lead, of heavy branding pain. Thirty thousand pounds. Again and again: Thirty thousand pounds.

Letters had been flying about the metropolis that day, though not as they do now. Still, the twopenny postman, then a fact until his use died before his name, had been busy at the houses—at the West End as in the City; a bustling postman with a sharp eye and a mind almost omniscient in the matter of delivering unintelligible communications to illegible consignees. Surely, the Power that watches over children and drunken men, according to the proverb, takes care of the postman, and sends him to the right number wrongly marked; else what a Dead Office should we needs build for the billets of the great undecipherable!

He had called at a house in George Street, Hanover Square—a bright-eyed postman whose merits were mightily underpaid. With a sharp rat-tat, which echoed on the heart of the housemaid—a heart divided in its allegiance between him and a more than usually atrocious butcher, with more than usually complicated and mythical accounts—the postman left a letter, addressed in a stiff back-hand, remarking, "For the young missis, my dear, and very blooming you do look, to be sure," and was down the street in no time.

For the young missis it was, being addressed to Miss Throgmorton. There have been deadly ingredients concealed in letters before now, which, on opening, have blasted with fire the recipient's face. There have been deadlier words in letters, which have oftentimes since the Phenicians blasted fame and honour and happiness. Of one of these must that letter's nature

have been, for Lucy Throgmorton, opening and reading it, sank with a low cry into a swoon.

She was in her own room and alone, no one seeing her; she lay back in her chair, and presently life returned—the outward life. Then she rose, threw back her dark, dark hair, and re-read the letter. Then she thrust it into her bosom, and sank again into her chair, where she sat thinking, thinking. Then she once more rose, walked to her table, soaked a handkerchief with strong perfume, pressed it to her forehead, and knelt down at her bedside to pray.

Veneration is strong in woman: dependance on That not of earth becomes her well. There is no more hateful sight than a woman who has lost the womanly nature to trust and cling; no more abhorrent sight than a woman who is irreligious. What made her "God-beloved in old Jerusalem" makes her man-beloved in these later times, when the Scriptures are reversed and the daughters of God are wooed by the sons of men.

Lucy prayed. Little Emily Standard, coming in like an early sun-ray on a spring morning, almost found her on her knees, though when she rose there was not a trace of prayer or passion in her dark eyes under her dark hair. She was very calm, very cold now: her pale face shining under the black locks like snow under a midnight sky. Emily—fair, small, pettable, her converse in almost everything—noticed something; for she was not a fool, albeit a very ordinary matter-of-fact wee girl, who would never ignite rivers of social science. But trying a question, and receiving only evasive replies, she deemed it best not to pursue the subject.

She unfolded a small budget of feminine nonsense which would have disheartened a British Association and disgusted Miss Emily Faithfull and the authoress of an Ode to Burns. For poor Emily (Standard, not Faithfull) had no mission on earth, save perhaps to love—and to believe mildly in the Rev. Lambe Kuttitz. She could compose omelettes, but not odes; she could play pretty well, sing charmingly, embroider a little and knit, waltz in that solemn way of our grandmothers, and manage a house,—that was all. She could cook a dinner, but not accounts; read novels, but not write essays. She wrote, indeed, letters to Alfred—crossed letters, in a small pretty hand, with the margins so even as to seem ruled, and with semicolons so unnaturally populous as to suggest emigration. Her knowledge of Greek was confined to the making of Greek *c's* in her manuscript, and her acquaintance with Latin was just equally counterbalanced with her acquaintance with French; for she knew that *inter nos* meant *entre nous*. She was at the best only a girl with a gentle heart, precisely made to suit a hard-headed male—the harder the better. Poor Emily Standard!

She had certain little wholesome creeds—that is to say wholesome, because to her no creed could be pernicious—and one of these was a moderate belief in the Rev. Lambe Kuttitz, incumbent of her parish, whose church was "nice and High." High it certainly was—high enough to appear gamey in the taste of certain purists about the neighbourhood; but St. Crucifix-in-the-Fields held its own, and the mild and brushed-down young clergyman, whose tenor voice enabled him to chant the service to great perfection, was pronounced "very nice" by many workers of slippers. The enemies of the Rev. Lambe Kuttitz said he liked to play at being a Roman Catholic, and that he knew the aptitude of the female mind for toys in religion, and so kept them amused with crosses, candles, and flowers. Besides, said they, knowing the perversity of the human heart to do that which it ought not to do, and to like doing it, he artfully led his flock into all the delight of breaking the second Commandment. But these were cavillers—hypocrites; for the Rev. Lambe Kuttitz was a very mild young minister, who would have been horrified had anyone accused him of inclining to Romanism. Sooth to say he was pure enough: he thought not of monasticism, he would have scorned to apply a razor to his head, or shirk his bootmaker; he never attempted to pollute a Protestant girl's mind by iniquitous confession. Had a woman knelt to him—a woman whom by birth and education he was entitled to respect—and offered to sink plety into passion or maudlin sentimentality by opening the mouth God gave her to keep shut, and baring her woman's heart before him, the Rev. Lambe Kuttitz would have felt inclined to box her ears and send her home to her mother or husband, despite his mildness. He would probably have said, "My good madam, if you feel low on account of sin, and must needs pour it out, there is your closet, or your Scriptures, or your mother—but for decency's

sake don't come to a strange young man and wallow before him;" for he was straightforward, that good young clergyman. Reader mine, there are men in the Church of England at this day who are not so conscientious with a pretty penitent at their feet.

Emily was no pretty penitent: she would as soon have thought of becoming a Mahomedan as of baring her sacred little heart to the leading questions of insidious parsons. She knew that the spirit that prompted such unmaidenly things (I speak only of Protestant girls) was not religion but hysteria—not to add impurity. She was modest in all things—certainly modest in her piety.

So at St. Crucifix-in-the-Fields they had a cathedral service, and chanted all manner of anthems, and bowed at the *Gloria Patri*, and at every mention of the Name above every other name; and the congregation amused themselves with illuminating scrolls and architectural designs in patterns so intensely Gothic that they would have warmed the heart of Mr. Ruskin. One of these designs for illuminating Emily had brought with her to show her dear Lucy, and solicit information about the placing of the gold.

But her dear Lucy was not in a proper frame of mind for consultation, and, after having essayed one or two opinions, she fairly gave way, and burst into tears.

Emily was frightened. She wound her arms round her friend, soothed her to the best of her ability, implored her to tell what was the matter. But Lucy, suddenly recovering, grew cold again, kissed her, said it was nothing, and entreated her not to pursue the subject. This was by no means satisfactory, Emily thought, and her trouble increased. In the midst of which a prolonged knock sent up the maid, Letty, who with that assured manner of her's announced Mr. Orpwood.

"Let him wait—stay, I wish to speak with you; go to your bed-room." Lucy shivered as she said this, and then turned to Emily: "Will you oblige me, dear, by staying here?—I wish it."

"She walked to the door, and returned to Emily's side. "Do not misjudge me, dear Emily, if I seem cold and irresponsible; I am not so—believe me, I am not so—towards you. Do not think meanly of me, or doubt my love for you, whatever you may see or hear." And she left the room, and Emily wondered.

Whatever passed in her servant's chamber had little effect on her when she entered her lover's presence, save, perhaps, to render her statelier of carriage and colder of face than she usually appeared. Her lover noticed nothing peculiar, as he rose with languid grace to receive her. But he must have noticed it immediately afterwards in the gathering of those brows and the wave of that disdainful hand.

"Sit," she said, curtly. Her voice was icy, but ever musical: neither passion nor suffering could render it harsh. "The time of regard like the time of trust has passed. I will have no false seeming of regard. Sit."

Mr. Orpwood was decidedly astonished. He had never seen her like this; indeed he had never cared to quarrel with her, preferring to yield quietly whenever their tastes differed, rather than bother himself with a row. Probably it requires sincere lovers to quarrel in downright earnest.

He did not resume his seat, but attempted to take her hand with a "Why, Lucy—" but she waved him back.

"Sit down, I say; or, if you will stand, stand apart, and hear me for the last time.

"Lucy—"

"We part, and there is little cause for mutual politeness; the words are easily said, easily heard. Would to heaven you had said them months ago, and left me ignorant of every why and wherefore—that you had gone without a cause for faithlessness—that you had died rather than that I should know what I know now, for then I should have loved you still."

Her words swept from her in a torrent of passion which lighted from her black eyes and magnificent scorn. He knew now what was coming, and nerved himself to meet it.

"That I should have loved—that ever I should have loved this man!"

He rallied slightly, as he stood, arm on mantelpiece. "Unless this is jealousy, Lucy," he said, "I don't know what your humour means."

"Jealousy!" She laughed bitterly. "Jealousy of a noble rival truly! Go, man, go!"

Somehow that Manner of his failed and fell, under her withering contempt. He stood biting his thumb nail and eyeing her from under a bent brow, but did not reply.

"If you—forgetting every vow you swore, forgetting a love you never felt, forgetting the love you won, which would have gone to death a hundred times for your slightest happiness—had broken those fetters for some worldly sake, though it had been my sister, my enemy, or my dearest friend—I could have released you without a reproach, even in stillest thought. I would have pardoned every faithlessness and thought but of your happiness. But for such a sake—for such dishonour as you have done me—for the baseness which has chosen such a rival—I have no words. Go! leave me."

"I swear to you"—he began.

"Swear not—your oaths partake of all your nature; they are false, to the extremity of falsehood. I have proof enough, if I doubted; but for proof I had never believed—proof of words and writing and deed."

Certainly, Manner was at fault, and showed a pale, craven face in the mirror over the mantelpiece. But he made an uneasy attempt to recover himself, and took a seat by the fire, looking fixedly into it.

"If I confessed what you evidently wish I should, Lucy," he said, gloomily, "it would still not materially affect my love for you. I have not been worse in this or any other matter than a hundred men are beside me. There are certain—pleasures—or dissipations, if you like it better—which a gentleman may indulge in—"

"A gentleman!" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "Oh yes, a gentleman!"

"—and which should not—cannot lessen his sincerity in the eyes of a sensible girl. You are too hard."

"Am I?" she retorted. "Must I reply that your notions of right and wrong differ from mine beyond all hope of reconciliation? You have shown me your gentleman's creed; shall I tell you a woman's creed? It is to love with all trust, all renunciation of worthless objects, and, when love is betrayed, to despise. You have lived out my love, and earned its ashes in my contempt. Now leave me."

Seeing the hopelessness of his position, he was forced to rise and depart. But at the door he turned with a last effort.

"Why are you so bitter?" he asked.

"Because I am insulted. For any than such a rival I tell you I could have borne anything; but you have weighed unholy passion with pure love, and have your choice. I do not bid you think of the ruin you have inflicted on her; I am not disinterested enough for that; I can only feel my wrong."

With that outstretched hand which he had all along vainly attempted to take she pointed his way, and he went it.

Then all her fire and firmness deserted her, and she gave way to the desolation of a woman who has lost love. In his presence her righteous indignation following so bitter an awakening would have endured and sustained her; out of his presence it left her to a brief spell of agony, succeeded by that dull sense of unreality which follows a first great loss. Death sometimes brings the same feeling; but death has this counterbalance of pain: that we hope the loss will one day be repaired, when days have ceased. The loss of love has never this. So, she felt, in that trance-like incredulity, that something of her former nature was gone forth, never to return. And thus she sat, dreamily, an hour.

Her friend, upstairs, waiting in impatient wonderment, could at last bear it no longer, and came down to find Lucy Throgmorton with dry stony eyes, looking into a hearth, from which, as an emblem, the fire had also gone.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!—oh, Lucy, my love, what has happened; why do you look so?"

Waking, she put off her friend with some excuse—she was not well; it was nothing; she would be better by-and-by. Nothing drew from her further words than these; nor could Emily, though she stayed half the day, induce her to say more, or tell who or what had stricken her. This, though Emily, after trying every expedient, at last hit upon the maidenly resource of having a good cry, and sobbed with genuine sympathy and perplexity at her friend's sorrow. Lucy simply stared at her, patted her head, and advised her to go home, as she was busy, and wished to be alone.

All that afternoon she went about with the sense of unreality strong upon her—half-expectant of some change back to the happy past—as after happy sojourns we frequently return to the old, dull life, with a dim feeling that it is only for a day or two, and that next day, or the next, will bring the time of enjoyment again. How she should tell her lover's unworthiness to her parents, she never thought. All future care was swallowed up in the one heavy pain.

With evening came Mr. Throgmorton home, and woke in her the necessity for exertion. When he arrived, looking much as usual, nothing was noticed in her face or manner; for her father's mind was too much occupied with its own cares, and her mother had had her day's allowance of intellect utterly blasted by an unprovoked rebellion in her household; which rebellion had arisen in this way. The Delectus, in the course of issuing sundry battalion orders, had said, "Let the stock boil, Betty, twenty minutes before it is required for dinner; then throw in the minced vegetables and a tiny piece of butter; let the stock and vegetables boil rapidly for a quarter of an hour, and if not sufficiently thick with the vegetables, mix a teaspoonful of flour smoothly with cold water and strain it in the soup, and let it simmer once." To which that dreadfully disaffected traitor, Betty, had replied, "I shan't do nuffink of the sort."

A full history of this revolt, with the author's commentaries, was duly laid before her husband and daughter by poor Mrs. Throgmorton, who was disappointed in her audience. True, Lucy listened; and it is not the least tragic part of a great grief that the trivialities of life go on despite it. There is no stopping the sun now-a-days, because some of us have our little Ajalons: there is even no stopping a dinner. My lady Kunigunde wasting with remorse on the Kynast, and my good knight Toggenburg fading away before his lady's lattice, had to dress and undress, and take their meals—at any rate, for some weeks before they died. So with Elaine, the fair and loveable—they probably had to carry into that chamber, up a tower to the east, her warm water for washing. And poor Lucy must eat her dinner—or pretend to—and listen to conventional insipidity and pour out unesthetic tea, while the one sorrow of romance lay like lead at her heart.

But Mr. Throgmorton made a break in the dead level, and unconsciously distracted her sorrow. He was necessitated, he said, to set off that very night for Liverpool, and would probably be absent four or five days. The good Delectus, as in duty bound, representing the conservative element of households, objected that that was totally impossible, as he hadn't a thing to take with him. On her husband's pettishly responding that go he must and would, she then got hopelessly involved with ways and means, typified by drawers upstairs, which occupied her attention all the evening. While she was gone it might have been remarked by any one less preoccupied than Lucy and more acute than Tom (that day much embarrassed by the unaccountable behaviour of Mr. Strummer, Mus. Bac. of the Royal Academy of Music, who had persisted in knocking him, Tom, about the fingers with a metronome), that Mr. Throgmorton had grown strange of words and action. His usual air of placidity had given way to a furtiveness of manner and a manner of being pathetic when there was no cause. He had always been frothy of language, rounded in periods, oleaginous in benevolence; but this air of his was one of curious melancholy and tenderness. As in one who expected soon to die!

"Tom," said Mr. Throgmorton, "you are getting bravely on, I hope?"

Tom, with an appearance of smouldering indignation, replied that barring that fellow Strummer he was.

"Continue bravely, Tom," said his guardian, "and try to do well; for you may have to depend solely on your own exertions some day. I half wish," added Mr. Throgmorton to himself, "that I had put Tom into some profession where the result of labour would be sooner apparent than where he is. He might have been earning something little by now, if I had."

"In your own office, now," suggested Tom. "Strummer couldn't get at me there, could he?"

"No, Tom, forbid I should place you in my own office—no no." Mr. Throgmorton said this hurriedly, with more warmth than seemed necessary. "No, Tom, not there; not there, Tom."

He was silent for some time, which he filled by opening and refolding letters out of his breast pocket. Presently he rose and bent over his daughter's chair, as she sat with a book open but unnoticed on the table before her, and her fingers threading her dark, dark hair.

"Lucy," he said, softly, "I am going away."

"Papa," she absently replied, "you have told us so."

"If I am gone, Lucy, for a long time: for a time longer than I purpose—or purpose! once: I should like to know that many things for your good were settled, before I go."

She waited patiently, evidently but half comprehending that he was speaking at all.

"I wish, my daughter, I had done more than I have done—before—before I set off. I should like, for instance, to see you married."

She shivered. "Oh no, papa—oh, not that!" It broke from her in a despairing wailing cry.

Mr. Throgmorton was touched; he thought, however, that her affection for him had prompted a filial burst of regret at the idea of leaving him.

"My girl," he mournfully said, "there are greater separations than those any marriage can cause; that you may one day know. Ay, Lucy, far greater separations, far worse, because far more hopeless."

"You mean Death, papa?"

"God preserve us from Death, my child, till we are ready."

"I don't know"—with her hands again in her hair and her dark eyes gazing afar off—"I don't know that it is the worst. Is it a bitter thing to die? I don't know. There is after that no more change to fear."

She said it speculatively, as one to whom the idea was new, and who was setting out on a strange and untrod path.

"If it be not a bitter thing to die," her father answered, "it is a fearful thing to wish for death. And to find it so far away—to find it so far."

It was a part of the curious character of their talk, that each hit upon the theme of the other's thought, and both unwittingly. Tom, looking amazedly on, began to think there was something up between Loo and the governor.

"Is it wrong, papa, to wish for happiness?" she asked.

"No, my child, nor to pray for it," he replied.

"And if Death brings happiness, is it wrong to wish and pray for that?"

"I cannot say, my darling, I cannot say. Heaven knows, not I."

He almost groaned, and added lowly,

"If it be wrong, how many wretched souls have sinned: God help them all!"

Then he kissed her, and she clung to him, and they wistfully looked into each other's eyes.

"You love your father, my own, and have always loved him, I am sure."

"Oh, papa," she answered, tearless, "I have only you to love."

"Hardly so, dearest, but still you love your father. You will do this ever, as a daughter should? Happen what may, you will never suffer sin or sorrow or the world's report to come between you and him, or to render him less dear in your eyes?"

"Never," she said; "never."

"I go with that assurance," he added, as though comforted; "it shall remain with me to the last hour. Faithful, loving and true, all good keep you, my darling!"

He put away his strange tenderness after that, and for the rest of the evening was more like himself. When twelve o'clock came (the coach started at three), he saw a little luggage packed, ate a mouthful of food, ordered a cabriolet, took leave of his family, and went away. He would not be absent for long, he said: he trusted not for long.

It was not the Liverpool coach which he took, but one that ran south instead of north. The frost of a dark spring morning was crisp beneath the horses' feet. No light ahead in the dark heavens before him, for the dawn had not yet come: only the bleared light of London in the lengthening rear.

CHAPTER X.

OUTSIDE THE BAR.

It was a dirty night at sea. A violent, beating, driving night, the handiwork of rain and wind and raging waters, which had evidently determined on a masterpiece once in a way. When the wind, urging the rain and goading the waves, drove them into the very fury of the tempest, he seemed to say in effect to his colleagues, "You two and I have resolved to make a dirty night of it. See that you perform your share of the contract."

The white coast of England was black enough in the darkness to have been Mauritania instead of Albion, if Mauritania is black. The briniest herring or wariest oyster in the Channel might have run against the coast and not known it—might have taken it, albeit a native, for the coast of France and anticipated a foreign reception. Chalk cliffs which are wont to gleam to the flying moon by fits, or to shine a welcome (Heaven bless them

for it!) to longing eyes on the opposite shore, were dull to-night. There was a white crest at their foot, where the chafed waves hissed and seethed—at least it would have been white in daylight. As it was you might have heard the hissing and seething—cruelly in your ears perchance, in that sudden rush of old memories which they say the drowning feel—if you had put out in any mortal boat; but the white foam was only to be detected at very close quarters: too close to look upon and live.

How the wind roared and the sleet drove! The chief worker in that dirty night was the wind, and the dirt was mostly due to him. A mighty coward was the wind—a mean thing after all; for, not content with working his will on ocean and heaven, which were worthy enough coadjutors or opponents, as the case may be, he wreaked petty spite on shivering sailors clinging to wet shrouds, and tried powerfully to blow them into the deep. And this he did, utterly regardless of pale faces in the cottages and anxious womanly hearts by the fire, thinking fearfully of the dangers that threatened some of their dearest, and turning to the book that prays for them that travel by land and water. The wind had no concern for prayers or fears. Not a bit.

Nor was he a whit the politer on the coast of France, although a French wind. He sadly belied his nationality, and screamed and cursed as wickedly as human ravers do. He had laughed at War long enough, the wind, when something more than himself and the waters divided the opposing coasts; and he now howled at Peace. Seeming to say, "You have remained divided long enough through man's ambition and the force of bayonets: you shall remain divided a little longer now by my will, spite of your Treaties." And really he did all he could to scare England and France from each other.

Wind and weather were at their worst on the French shore a few miles from Cherbourg, where the beach was dotted with crazy huts inhabited by a nondescript population—partly fishermen, partly something less honest. Whatever they were, they had drawn their boats high on the shore, and themselves into the tumbledown tavern of the Good Devil, where they made themselves as comfortable—some drinking, others playing cards, others warming themselves at the stove and abusing the landlord in slangy patois—as it was in the nature of such rough seaweedy guests to be.

There toiled up a slope of rocky shore between two straggling rows of cottages a figure seemingly well wrapped-up but somewhat the worse for the night. Where he had come from or whither he was bound, no one seemed inclined to inquire; for most of the people, as I say, were indoors or in the tavern. An elderly man he appeared to be, in whose white hair the sleet hung, and whose thick overcoat was heavy with wet. He knocked at the first door he came to, and a candle disappeared from the pane which did duty for a window, and reappeared at the threshold in the hand of a thin-lipped woman in a high cap.

"Hold!" cried the thin-lipped woman, as she surveyed the stranger, "I thought it was my husband who returned. What is it that you wish? I do not know you."

"There lives somewhere about here a gentleman, named Ledbitter, is it not?" the stranger required.

"Aha! Ledbitter, the old avaricious, who dwells in the Château up there, you will say?"

The stranger replied Yes; it was he.

"Without doubt, he is always there. What then?" asked the woman.

"I have affairs with him, and wish to go to him. If one could indicate his domicile—in the Château, since you say it—I would pay a guide."

"Ho, there—Plon!" cried the woman into the cottage. "Rise, put on the cap, and conduct this monsieur to the Château, where lives the old avaricious you serve. Go, then, swallow-fly! do not yawn there, the mouth open, but despatch—quick!"

Thus adjured, Plon tumbled out, in the form of a half-witted lad, in a red woollen cap and wooden shoes, and prepared to show the stranger the way. Which he did—over rough boulders of rock and shingly slips, further into the interior, until they came to a large, rambling building, which was known as the Château. In times gone by it had evidently been what its name denoted, and done duty for many a member of the extinct nobility which the Revolution had trampled out. There were the courtyard, the large portals, the stone buttresses, and yawning monsters of waterspouts, as they had stood probably in the days of the Grand Monarch. But it was in a woful condition of dilapidation now. Weeds overran the court; the portals were defended by the most insecure door that ever stood off its hinges; and ivy was busy with the monsters. It was fast succumbing to the grandest monarch of them all, who sometimes throws dust in the eyes of the living, while he scatters it on the memories of the dead. The monarch, Time, as destructive to the grandeur of that old château, as he had been to the glories of Louis the Fourteenth.

Plon, apparently well versed in the etiquette to be observed, applied a vigorous kick with his wooden shoes to the door, which barred, rather than closed, the threshold. A sharp, querulous voice, from within, demanded who knocked, and what it was.

"Open, then," cried Plon, "and do not chat there. Here is of the world, who wishes to see the patron."

"Is it thou, cretin?" returned the voice. "It should be of the other world then, for the patron will soon finish with this, down here. He is going to die pretty soon, my faith!"

The door opened—or rather was removed, as she spoke, and an old woman's head in the most horrible nightcap on record appeared at the aperture. A straight piece of clothing, which civility demands should be considered a dress, but which was more like a length of sacking tied with a rope round under the arms, completed the figure of a very ugly old lady indeed.

"And the citizen: he would see my master? He is not in a state to receive visit, for example. He is on the bed of a dying one."

"Ledbitter dies! Merciful Providence! conduct me to him straight: I am his old friend," exclaimed the stranger.

"But you are not a physician? My master defends the visit of physicians, for he is poor and cannot pay," returned the old woman, sharply.

"I tell you I am his friend—his associate. Show me to him instantly."

The woman grumblingly admitting him, he paid the lad and followed her up a broad creaking flight of stairs and into a spacious room. It was a cheerless, decayed chamber, the heavy curtains of which were mouldy and moth-eaten, and the antique furniture succumbing to dry rot. In the centre of it, and wholly unrelieved by the character of its surroundings, stood a small wretched bedstead, bare of hangings. There was something in the bed; something which spoke.

"Who is that, Suzon? What are you doing? Whom have you brought? Hah, profligate, you are burning two candles; put one out;—do you not see I have already one by my bed?"

It was a little old man who spoke from the bed in a weak, failing voice. A thin, wrinkled, emaciated old man, with a face whiter than the coarse sheets beneath which he lay.

"Ledbitter?" the stranger exclaimed, and hurried to his bedside. The old man started, and drew the clothes tightly around him.

"I will no doctors—no priests," he cried, still in French. "Those want money for their drugs and lotions; these demand legacies for their churches. I have no longer money: I had, but one has ravished me of all!"

"Ledbitter, I say; do you not know me? I am Throgmorton," returned the other, in his own tongue.

"Throgmorton? What, my partner that was? Yes yes, right, Ledbitter and Throgmorton it used to be, before I sold out like a fool, and came to be robbed and tortured and killed. They have killed me, Throgmorton; shall I tell you how? They have robbed me of everything, and left me to die."

"You are ill, Ledbitter; you must have advice."

"Never," screamed the old man, with such energy that his old servant interfered and sharply demanded what the monsieur dared to do thus to irritate her master.

"It is well, Suzon; he would only discuss affairs; do not be alarmed, but go away," the old man replied.

Throgmorton suggested a fire, and ordered Suzon to light one.

"No fire, no fire!" cried the old man. "Do not regard him, Suzon. He is an incapable, who knows nothing of my poverty, like you and me. How can I pay a fire? Bah—go."

Shocked and grieved at what he saw, Throgmorton drew a high-backed chair to the bed. "Ledbitter," he said, "in all probability you are on your deathbed."

"You are a liar," retorted Ledbitter, "and want to terrify me into giving you money for a doctor."

"Doctor, or no doctor, man, you shan't die like that;

you shan't let your own avarice murder you. Man alive, what use will all your money be in a week hence, when you are lying underneath the sand of this sea-side?"

"It's no use," chuckled the other. "People have said that before, but they couldn't frighten me. I have no money; you can't get any out of me. Ask Suzon else. Suzon,"—in French—"they say that I am rich. Is it true?"

"My Heaven with your rich! You know well that you are as poor as a monk, since one has robbed you of every sou, two months ago."

"Just—just. She is a good girl, this Suzon; she is always faithful to her old master. She knows well how it goes. You hear her, my friend?" gasped the dying old man. "But perhaps you are rich yourself, my old? Pest, how you look the well-doing man of the world! You know nothing of poverty; but are run to rucour on old comrade, who has lost all, and lies helpless on his bed."

"Ledbitter," returned the other, in English, "I am not rich; I am a ruined man; but I have enough to help you in your trivial necessities, if you will help me in my great ones. Bid your servant send up the boy who showed me your house, and I will send him for something that will do you good. No hesitation, man, or I leave you to die."

The other, alarmed somewhat despite his greed, obeyed; and Throgmorton despatched the lad to the tavern for brandy and food, and with difficulty prevailed on Ledbitter to allow a doctor to be sent for, whom Throgmorton promised he would pay. Then, while aid was coming, urged by the danger in which he stood, the old merchant laid bare to his former partner his position and his need; and told him how a large sum of money alone would save him, for which he would pay inordinate interest.

It was a strange thing to talk about to a dying man, and a vain thing, as it proved. The old miser only replied that Throgmorton was mistaken; that his reputation for wealth belied him; that, far from being rich, he was in the depths of poverty; and returned to the assertion that he had been robbed. Throgmorton could get nothing out of him.

He knew that his former partner had been very wealthy, whatever his present position might be. He had come into the business with a large sum at his disposal, which he refused to invest as his colleague wished. The miser had that grasping nature which will not lose sight of a single pound in the hope of earning fifty; he could hoard, but could not venture. Wholly unsuited for the hazardous business of a merchant in an age of speculation—he had quibbled and shrunk at every transaction, until the partners decided that it would be better so separate. So Ledbitter, selling his interest at the highest terms, left London; bought the chateau in the north of France, so as to live as cheaply as possible; became naturalised before the war broke out, rather than leave the country; and had gone on amassing money, by rents and one or two heavy legacies left him, until, if report spoke true, he was enormously rich.

But this he strenuously denied. Nor could Throgmorton, by all the eloquence of one who pleads for dear life or by all the art with which he endeavoured to touch the miser's selfish interests, evoke anything further than that some one had broken into his house and robbed him of all his little store. Suzon knew about it all, Suzon would tell him.

Perceiving that Suzon was to all appearance an accomplice and supporter in the old man's fatuity, and that his brain had apparently so far given way to the leading passion of his life as to make him believe what he asserted, Throgmorton, leaving instructions about the food and some money in the hands of the medical man with a desire that he should tend the emaciated old miser, quitted him, and went out into the roaring night.

He found himself unconsciously straying again down to the beach, and casting about for some means or other to get the money into his possession. He felt sure that Ledbitter had so much in his house; he felt strongly tempted to test his suspicions at any rate. How if he were to return and make a forcible examination, ransack the house, and bear off what he could? No: he was in France, a stranger, an Englishman; and it would be too dangerous to infringe the law: it would be bad enough in his own country. Should he wait till the man died, and then? But the man might live weeks—might not die after all; and Throgmorton's reputation was only a couple of days' purchase. Even

if he did die, Suzon was in his counsels, and would prove a tough ally. Oh that one wretched miser's life should stand between him and his fame!

And his family, too; he could not go back and see them dragged to poverty too. No, better he died at once than look on that. They would at least reverence him dead. His daughter had promised to let nothing come between her love and him: that was comforting at the worst. How comforting to die with such a requiem—to die and be at rest.

He was sodden and chilled with rain and wind; he felt a hardy despair seizing him. Out of his pocket he took a small phial, which he had bought and placed there—with what fell determination Heaven and he knew. But the circumstances that surrounded death on such a spot: the howling tempest, the wilderness of waters, the soaked and treacherous shore: smote him and discouraged him with its attendant misery. He was no coward to fear the great enemy to the soul of man, but he was so far a coward bodily that he feared the desolation of dying in such a scene. As the suicide from the bridge will grapple and struggle with death when the waters close over his head, so this old man shrank from it when he held it to his lips, for he was cold and hungry, and food and fire were not far off on that dreary shore.

He walked on to the light of the cabaret, sign of the Good Devil, which glimmered at a little distance ahead. Here he entered, cloaked, gloved, well-wrapped, but shivering from the pitiless night.

It was a large, smoky, roughly floored room, filled with the refuse of a seaside population, which might be fishermen, pilots, pirates, or cutthroats; perhaps doing a trade in all. A smoking, swearing, gambling set, with scowling brows which turned inquisitively towards him as he entered and scanned him from head to foot. Some were playing, some lying on the floor, most were drinking, a large number being gathered round a table in the centre which held pipes, pouches, glasses, and was presided over by a lithe yellow-looking man with cheese-coloured hair and eyebrows, who appeared to act as chairman or president of the set.

"Hoho!" said this man, as Throgmorton entered, and he spoke in bad French—"a stranger? Good, he is welcome if he conforms to the usages of this Forum. Approach, monsieur, and sit down—here on my right. Way there, imbecile, idiot, hog! and make place for monsieur who is going to spend his money for the general good."

Throgmorton drew back. "Pardon, monsieur," he began, when a hairy giant in a pea jacket interrupted him.

"To the devil with thy monsieurs—thine and the president's! What then? we are aristos, it appears, and the sage term of Citizen is not good enough for us, for example? Ah bah! It was not so in the good time of the Republic now deciduous. Let us see." And he burst forth in a drunken roar with the refrain:—

"Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur—"

"Silence, pig—wehr wolf, hold thy tongue!" commanded the president. "The Republic is not deciduous though thou and thy comrades are not in requisition with the spitting bag and the sawdust, as before. Holy blue! The national razor is blunt a little, see you: but the First Consul has transferred its sharpness to the national bayonet. He plays well his trade, he!"

"Hold, thou mockest thyself of him?—double dog of an Englishman!" roared the giant; and a dozen voices cried him down, and a dozen hands forced him back into his chair. The president smiled a yellow smile.

"He is out of order, our friend there: what is his sentence, my friends?"

"A fine, a fine!" cried the chorus.

"Good; empty his pockets."

Two or three rough fellows held the refractory member down, while another turned out the contents of his pockets. From a heap of silver and gold a portion was selected and handed over to the landlord, in exchange for a measure of spirits. Which passed quickly round.

Hitherto Throgmorton had stood in the background and near the door. He now drew to the president's chair, and said in a low tone and in his own language,

"Yours is a rough set, but I rely on the good faith of a compatriot for half an hour's rest and a morsel of refreshment. I am an old man and somewhat past the lively amusements of your friends here, but I am ready to pay my footing, and conform to your rules, and trust to you for good usage and good fellowship."

"And bravely said, old fellow," returned the president. "You'll find you trust to the right stuff too."

There is no danger here, and if there was there's Englishmen enough among us to protect you. Why bless you, we're nearly all English here, though that big bully is a cock of the Republic. Hallo there, Spiker!"

A seafaring man rose and crossed to the president.

"Take this gentleman's money—an English gentleman's—and bring in the lish. And then cry silence for a toast."

He turned to Throgmorton, scrutinisingly, and added,

"Where have I seen you before?"

"Nowhere—that I know of—I never saw you to my knowledge," returned Throgmorton, nervously.

"Ah. Are you you a Londoner?"

"No; a—from Edinburgh."

"You're not a Scotchman; you have no Scotch accent," pursued the president, sharply.

"No—a—no. An Englishman by birth and parentage."

"Um. Not a merchant now?"

"No. I am in the law. A writer," replied Throgmorton, cautiously.

"Oh, I see; it's a Scotch practitioner, that. You call yourself W. S.—eh? I've a great respect for the law myself," said the president; "I'm generally looked upon in these parts as a pillar of the law, and treated accordingly."

He rapped sharply on the table, and the man Spiker, returning, called "Order!" in hoarse accents.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "and countrymen. I address myself to my countrymen on this occasion, because French lubbers as a rule don't understand the British institution of a toast. They're fair drinkers, and they're good enough pals if any little risk is to be run, and any little plunder to be made; but they don't understand the truly British art of drinking healths. For why? Their education is neglected in them particulars; their peccoliar institution in the nursery is bloodshed, while ours is conviviality, harmony, and brotherly love."

Approving plaudits and laughter followed the president's eulogy of his countrymen, who were fairly represented in the room.

"Cast your eyes, if you want proof of what I say," continued the president, "on our bloodthirsty brother in that chair—"

The hairy giant, comprehending the general drift of the allusion, roused himself from a drunken lethargy and shouted, "To the Lantern!" and brought his fist heavily upon the table.

"Comrades," cried the president in French, "give our sanguinary brother a lantern and conduct him to bed, as he demands."

There was a roar at this; and the speaker resumed his address.

"To proceed then. We have here among us, a gentleman who is a stranger to this company, but who has behaved in every respect as a gentleman should. He has stood Sam, like a gentleman (Hear hear!), and he is entitled to our respect. (Applause). But there is another reason, my boys, why we're bound to respect him, which perhaps you're not aware of, but I'll tell you. Boys, the gentleman I allude to is an Englishman, and he is more. He's a pillar of the law."

The importance of the last announcement did not create the effect its solemnity evidently intended. There was a laugh or two, and an oath.

"Now look here," the president continued, "you're not altogether so earnestly disposed towards the law, as I'd have you, I see. But I've always preached at you, and you know my text; keep to the safe side of the law. That's my motto, and I've stuck by it; stick you by it. Whatever happens, don't you transgress the law, and you're all right. Anyhow we'll drink this gentleman's health and long life to him."

The company were ready enough to do that, whatever their private opinions might be. They were certainly a wild set, Throgmorton thought; but there was a grain of honesty about them, and the policy of the president seemed pacific.

The drink and revelry, rough as it was, warmed him; and when his thoughts reverted to the phial in his pocket, it was with a feeling of wonder that he had been so near an irrevocable crime. Why he had better cast his lot with these men, bad as that lot might be, than rush into a deed so awful as that contemplated on the howling shore!

He pushed his chair back and thought. Meanwhile a quarrel arose between two of the guests—a quarrel which defied the pacification of the president and the

threats of the landlord. Oaths were interchanged and language of the vilest kind, until the disputants were thrust outside the door, and left to settle it in the wet night. But Throgmorton sickened at the coarseness and the blasphemy, and all his desolation reverted to him. The scene was horrible within and out; there was neither going forward nor going back; if he could only return to the dreary beach and die!

Come what might, he must get away; let God and the night receive him, and the rest be as it would. He would go.

At that instant a burly Lascar in a kind of woollen petticoat, rough cap, and heavy overboots entered the door of the Good Devil, and was saluted by a mingled roar from his friends within.

"What night, old brigand, do you bring?"

"An infernal night, by the Saint Peter and Paul," returned the new comer. "There is one outside the bar who seems to be of my opinion also, if one can judge, my faith!"

"What one then?"

"Holy Name, an Indianman, as it appears. But she'll weather it; for the wind is going down and there'll be a lull before sunrise; I say it, and I know the weather like an almanac, I."

Two or three men rose, saying, "We will go and see;" and the company dispersed for the beach, Throgmorton and the president among the rest.

Wind and water were at their worst; but the Lascar's prophecy would turn out true, the men agreed. There was something, imperceptible to Throgmorton but perceptible to their experienced eyes, which told them the tempest was nearly over. Beyond the dark loomed a dim shape out on the tossing sea, to which every face was turned; a shape now clearly defined, now lost in the obscurity, but always discernible to the practised gaze of the watchers on the beach.

"No chance of a wreck, this time," grumbled one.

"Wreck? Diable! she's as safe as Holy Church, and the Douane out yonder are too careful of the vessel's making land. Pest! there is neither wreck nor salvage now-a-days."

"Here is one from the Douane," exclaimed a voice, as a man joined the crowd, which was augmented by one or two women from the cottages on the shore. "What news, my old, of the stranger yonder? Is it that your friends have discovered her description by hazard?"

"The vessel is all right," returned the other, gruffly. "If she beats about there for an hour or two she will be able to come safely into harbour, when the wind goes down. We have picked up a man who tumbled overboard, and he says she is an English East Indianman, for Southampton, forced to put into Cherbourg from stress of weather. She has had a bad passage, he says, the Agra Castle."

The Agra Castle! Gracious heaven, thought Throgmorton, the very ship Standard Brothers had given up—the loss of which would ruin him, the preservation make him! She was uninsured, too, and coming safely into port.

The thought flashed upon him like an inspiration. If he could only insure that vessel! Why the premium would cover his liabilities. But here he was on the coast of France, and the ship would be in Southampton and the news in London before he could get away. What a golden opportunity to throw aside!

No, he would not throw it aside; he would risk it. After all, Standard would be little the loser; better lose the insurance money—money needlessly deposited on a certain issue—than a fortune. And what would Standard's loss be? A few thousands only—while his? A whole fortune. He would attempt it at all events.

"I want to reach England—to-night—now," he said, aloud, appealing to the group around him. "I must have a boat."

The men stared at him. "There is the packet after-tomorrow," replied one.

"Bah!" retorted Throgmorton, "I say, now—a boat. Do you understand? I will give ten louis d'ors to any man who will take me to the opposite shore."

There was a murmur of astonishment from the group. "How he raves, this old man!" said a sailor. "Impossible, citizen," replied another, "there is no boat would live in such a sea as that out there; no man could cross the bar."

"Cowards!" cried Throgmorton, "it is women who talk and imbeciles, not sailors. I will give twenty—thirty—fifty louis to cross. Fifty louis for a boat!"

"All right, your honour, done with you!" a gruff voice answered, and Mr. Spiker pushed forward. "I'd

take Old Nick across for fifty shiners, even on Old Nick's own night. Not that I think he'd care to risk it, as being less used to water, you know, than to the dewowering helement."

So saying, Mr. Spiker produced—apparently from some interior pocket—an interminable quantity of rope, and shouting, "Come on, my hearties," made a rush with half a dozen friends to a nondescript craft lying high and dirty on the beach, and had her off and into the water in a remarkably short space of time, by the aid of a troop of his comrades who were bound round the waist with cording and stood hip-deep in the sea tied together like so many marionettes. The sloop (it was something between that and a yacht) rocked perilously in the foam; but Mr. Spiker and his friends were back again, and had Mr. Throgmorton in their arms, and tied up also, before the old gentleman was prepared for it.

"Now then," said Mr. Spiker, "half the shiners before we start."

Throgmorton dived into a breast pocket and produced a pocket-book. In doing this he dropped something, which the sharp eye of the president detected, and the sharp hand of the president secured before it had hardly touched the sand. The president walked away a few paces and looked at the property, which appeared to be a letter. Not being able to read it in the dark, he thrust it into his own pocket.

Mr. Spiker being satisfied, made no more to do but propelled Throgmorton along, as though he had been a handcart, and splashed him through the water, and tumbled him into the boat. Then by an effort of nautical acrobaticism he tumbled in himself, and a man followed him. Then he gave "Off with her!" and they were off with her, and she glided pretty steadily into the breaking sea.

The dim shape of the Indianman loomed darkly ahead; but the sloop made not for her, but crossed her wake afar off. Rising and falling, tossing like a frail thing as it was on the endless waves, it still held its own, and the dusk gathered around its slim mast and the white hair of the old man seated in the prow. Anxiously the watchers on the beach peered after it, until it was across the bar, and its shape grew darker and dimmer than the nobler craft it had left behind on the stormy deep. Presently it was gone.

There was one watcher on the beach, who had retired to the cabaret, and was reading by the light of its window what looked like the back of a letter with an address. That watcher's yellow eyes were wide open and his lips forming a contemplative whistle as he put the letter quietly back into his pocket and murmured,

"John Throgmorton, Esqre., Finch Lane, London, eh? By the powers, John Throgmorton is the name of the friend of my brother-in-law, in whom that estimable relative takes such an interest! By the Hokey, John Throgmorton, your presence here is queer and your behaviour suspicious! Suppose we follow quietly to Finch Lane, London, and investigate this interesting case. There is something to be made of this, or my name ain't Wire, né Whiffler."

(To be continued).

SIR KENNETH'S WATCH.

"He upon whom Richard had conferred the distinction of guarding the banner, was no longer an adventurer of slight note, but placed within the regard of a princess, although he was as far as ever from her level."—*The Tullman*.

I.

The tents of the Cross in the still night lie;
My pennoncelle droops in the Orient air;
From Ascalon's minaret sounds the cry
Of turban'd Muezzin that calls to prayer.
Let come the false Saracens one and all:
The ring of my blade shall their greeting be.
O banner, be panoply, tent, or pall:
O sash me the love of my own ladye!

II.

Fair crescent of Palestine, lying low,
The star of my worship is yet more fair;
For the Heart of the Lion I stand thy foe,
For her too that graces the Lion's lair.
Then give me a horse and a foeman nigh,
Whether in caftan or casque he be,
And when Heaven willoeth a knight should die,
O shrieve him the love of his own ladye!

L. H. F. DU TERREAU.

THE WARD OF DENE.

THERE was no finer gentleman's seat in all Lancashire than Dene House, the residence of Arthur Warren, Esq., a cadet, as he would proudly tell you, of the old Norman de Warrennes, who carried the chequers of azure and gold so high amid the wars of Duke William, and stood by his side when the nobles gathered round him after the battle of Hastings. Arthur Warren, the descendant of this great family, with whom we have to deal, was at the time our story commences, a hale and hearty gentleman of some fifty winters, for time had passed gently over his head, and he was still an upright and a sprightly man.

He was seated at the breakfast table at Dene, reading over the morning's letters, which had just arrived. His only son, Hugh, was seated opposite to him, and he also appeared to take considerable interest in his correspondence—an interest which we may justify in the readers' eyes by saying the letter he was perusing was evidently from a lady, and, letting them further into the secret, may mention that the lady in question was Miss Anna Leigh, to whom Hugh had been for some time betrothed. Father and son, as they sat opposite to each other, were certainly fine specimens of English gentlemen; both had that peculiarly "gentle" look which so particularly belongs to a well-bred Englishman, and which it is very difficult to match in other countries. They were singularly alike, but Hugh, we must say, wanted his father's characteristics of decision and judgment, and was apt to be somewhat "flighty," both in his views and actions; possibly the fact that he would, owing to his coming marriage, be under no necessity of adopting any profession, had conducted in some way to this waywardness and indecision. Miss Leigh, we must say here, would, by marrying Hugh, restore the fortunes of the house of Warren, which had been considerably diminished during the reigns of the two last owners of Dene. Mr. Arthur Warren himself, on the death of his wife, which took place a year and a half after his marriage, and just after Hugh's birth, had gone on to the Continent, leaving his child in the care of a relative, and dissipated the revenues of Dene amid the gayest circles abroad. This marriage, however, was happily to put everything right. Mr. Leigh was a wealthy West Indian trader, who had bought property in the neighbourhood, and was very willing to give his gold in exchange for the blue Norman blood which such an alliance would bring into his family. Arthur Warren shrugged his shoulders at what in his inmost heart he cursed as a degradation—and Hugh, seeing that Anna was by no means an ill-favoured maiden, fairly versed in the young lady's accomplishments, submitted gracefully to his fate, and made love to the millionaire's daughter with all possible tenderness and courtesy. The marriage was to take place in the course of a month or two, when the events we are about to relate rather complicated affairs.

Arthur Warren suddenly looked up from his letters with a start, and said—

"Hugh, poor Anstruther is dead; my old college chum, you know, and he's made me guardian of his daughter. She'll be here in a fortnight by the packet to Southampton."

"Indeed, father, that's strange news."

"Strange news, indeed," the old gentleman replied. "The letter says 'his little daughter,' and you know I hate being pestered with children. What the deuce shall I do with her?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Send her to school, she can't have learnt much in India," returned Hugh.

"Ah well! that's not a bad idea—I suppose I must make the best of it. Poor Anstruther! he was a good fellow, and I'll take care of the child. I wonder whether he left any money? This letter says nothing about it."

Here the conversation ended. Hugh lounged away to have a cigar and prepare for a ride over to see Miss Leigh, and his father to his study, to have a good dive into the "Times," which he regarded as the ancients did the Delphic utterances. Misguided old gentleman! Know you not that other prophets have arisen, and all is not gold which is daily given to the world for three-pence from Printing-house-square?

The fortnight passed, and Arthur Warren duly went to meet Miss Anstruther at Southampton. He was one of the first persons on board the steamer, and was looking curiously about for a nurse and a little girl,

when somebody touched him on the arm. He turned round.

"Mr. Warren!—Ah, I'm right—I must introduce myself, for I can hardly expect you to know me. I am Lydia Anstruther!"

Mr. Warren bowed—perfectly paralysed—for the speaker was a tall young lady, with the most prepossessed air imaginable—by no means the "child" he had expected.

He recovered himself, however, and said, most courteously, "Miss Anstruther!—how fortunate to find you out so easily—where is your luggage—who is with you?" All the time getting more and more uncomfortable. Here was a tall, handsome girl, he thought to himself, and how about Hugh? Who was by no means so attached to Miss Leigh as he ought to have been, and who would inevitably be captivated, did this Indian damsel so will it.

His thoughts were interrupted by her replying, "Oh, Captain Loder kindly looked after me on the voyage. May I introduce him?" And the introduction forthwith took place.

Captain Loder was a tall and bilious-looking Anglo-Indian, with that delightful expression of intense vacancy for which the British army is so justly celebrated.

Mr. Warren was more and more smitten. Things were getting worse. Hugh would be defeated the moment Miss Lydia's eyes opened fire.

However, there was nothing for it but to be agreeable, and let Miss Lydia rattle on (which she did unceasingly till they arrived at the hotel, for the bilious captain's conversation was decidedly limited) and then to make speedy arrangements for transferring the young lady and her trunks and boxes to Dene.

This was very soon safely accomplished; and we must use the storyteller's privilege, and beg our readers to consider Miss Anstruther regularly domesticated at Dene, where she speedily reigned paramount over the whole household; alternately favouring and snubbing Hugh and flattering his father, till we must confess that the former's allegiance to Anna Leigh was terribly shaken, and the latter began to wonder if he really was getting an old man. A sure sign that the heart of an elderly gentleman is beginning again to beat with the charmingly irregular pulsations which accompany youthful love.

Miss Anstruther and Hugh are out on the lawn, playing croquet. Now, as all our readers know, this game was invented by a philanthropic individual solely for the purpose of bringing the art of flirtation to the highest possible perfection. The way in which you can keep your ball near her ball, croquetting away hated rivals and malignant papas; the charming opportunities afforded to the heroic lover recklessly to "coach" the beloved one's ball, heedless of his own fate and defiant of the tell-tale "clip;" these, and many more sweet occasions which we could recall, combine to make croquet the most dangerous and seductive of all games. Croquet, with one lady, does not afford so much scope for all this, but it nevertheless has its advantages, if the fair player be ruthless and the gentleman weak-minded.

These are the characteristics of the couple who have gone out to play on the lawn at Dene, and are now busily engaged at the game. For Miss Leigh's sake we will overhear their conversation.

Lydia Anstruther has just gone through a hoop and approached Hugh's ball, which lies near.

"Pray, be merciful, Miss Anstruther,—not too far!"

"You know I'm a bad hand at it, so you needn't say that. And I'm always merciful to —"

A sudden pause. Hugh doesn't exactly know where to look. Lydia Anstruther looks prettily down, waiting for him to speak. Very merciful, indeed, fair lady, to the foolish youth who stands blushing near you, and what mercy, pray you, to gentle Anna Leigh?

Lydia prepares to croquet Hugh, and he stoops to arrange the balls for her.

"Like a knight of old, Mr. Warren! You kneel like one of your noble ancestors, the brave old Warrens!"

Hugh summons up courage, and replies, "I might say, to a fairer lady."

"Ah, you would but flatter!"

"Should I?" says Hugh, incredulously.

"Yes, get up, and let me croquet you!" and away goes his ball over the level lawn, Lydia laughing merrily at his evident discomfiture. "Silly fellow," she thinks, as he hastens after it, "but I must have him completely at my feet, to be sure of the old man's consent to my proposals about my father's property."

So the game went on, Hugh getting more and more hopelessly entangled in the siren's meshes, forgetful of the faith and honour of a Warrenne, and the troth he had plighted but a few months ago to fair-haired Anna Leigh.

Mr. Arthur Warren, himself to a certain extent affected by the charms of his fascinating ward, was, strange to say, in spite of his first alarm for his son, quite blind to Miss Anstruther's schemes. That cautious young lady made a point of invariably snubbing Hugh whenever his father was present, fully making up for it, however, during his absence by completely captivating the young man, and making him more devoted to her than ever. At length it became necessary to her plans to open the eyes of the owner of Dene, and it was effected in the following manner.

One day, after luncheon, she strolled with Hugh into the conservatory, feeling sure that his father would soon follow them, to discuss some excursion meditated that afternoon, and her manner to Hugh was so very gracious and winning, that it was evident matters would very soon come to a crisis. They were seated on low garden chairs, nearly surrounded by the various shrubs and flowers in the place, when Lydia said, very quietly—

"Are you not going to ride with Miss Leigh this afternoon?"

Hugh started. This was a subject he had always carefully avoided with his companion, and till the present moment she had never introduced it. He said, confusedly—

"Yes—I—that is, I don't know."

"You have not ridden lately, I think?" He had been riding only the day before, as she knew perfectly well.

"Oh, yes, I have; you forget—yesterday—"

"Ah, you are a very attentive lover, Mr. Warren; quite like a knight of old," said Lydia.

Hugh coloured. The "knight of old" recalled the scene on the lawn, and the "Mr. Warren" grated on his ears. He said, hurriedly, "I say, Miss Anstruther, I wish you'd call me Hugh, and let me call you Lydia; you know we live together here like—"

"Like what, Hugh?" this very softly, and with the old, shy, downward look.

Hugh was going to say "brother and sister," but conscious he meant something very different, only said, "Then I may call you Lydia, may I?"

Lydia here heard Mr. Warren's step coming near them, and said very slowly, "Yes; you may call me Lydia—but what would Miss Leigh say?"

Mr. Warren had stopped.

"Oh, never mind Miss Leigh; I don't —"

Here he stopped again, hardly daring to go on. Lydia relieved his embarrassment by saying, "Then you cannot ride with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Hugh, eagerly; and as he spoke his conscience smote him. He had promised to ride with Anna Leigh, as Lydia very well knew, and his father also!

"How good of you, Hugh," said the temptress, rising. "I'll go and get ready now; I hear your papa coming." As she moved away she met Mr. Warren, who had started forward again, and swept past him with a saucy smile of triumph. She knew he had overheard the conversation, and the plot was ripe.

We are sorry to have to chronicle that the proposed ride did take place that afternoon, and Miss Leigh, after waiting a long time in vain for her faithless lover, had to ride by herself, whilst Hugh was getting more hopelessly entangled by the wiles of the fascinating Lydia. His father, whose eyes were completely opened by the conversation in the conservatory, walked up and down in his study in much perplexity. It was all-important that Hugh should marry Miss Leigh and her money, and here was this pestilent maiden from India going to upset all his plans! He determined to speak his mind next day, to talk over Lydia's affairs with her, see Mr. Anstruther's will, and tell her his ideas on the subject of the Leigh alliance. We may be sure that such an interview was just what Lydia wanted, so the next morning found her seated opposite Mr. Warren in his study, perfectly prepared, as she had said to herself, whilst dressing that morning, to do battle.

She had brought a neat little bundle of papers with her, and after some preliminary conversation she handed Mr. Warren a copy of her father's will, which he had not seen as yet—begged he would read it immediately, and then walked to the window gently humming "Batti, Batti." Some minutes elapsed, when Mr. Warren started and made an exclamation of intense surprise. Still "Batti, Batti," went on very gently. At last he called her, saying,

"What does this mean, Miss Anstruther?"

Lydia turned round, and came to the table.

"To what do you allude, sir—my father's will?"

"Yes, yes! of course. I never heard of such an extraordinary thing in my life—the property left to you on the condition you marry my son? What could your father mean?"

"Exactly," said Lydia; "and if I do not marry Mr. Hugh Warren, the greater part of the money goes to you!"

"But, good gracious! my son must marry Miss Leigh," said Mr. Warren, excitedly.

"And Miss Leigh's fortune," said Lydia, quietly; "I am quite aware of that, but Mr. Hugh might marry some one else!"

Mr. Warren, remembering the scene in the conservatory, thought this only too probable; and looked up uneasily at his ward, who stood near him, with a quiet smile on her face.

"Now, sir," she said, "I have a proposal to make to you! A great part of my father's property consists of shares in Indian railroads. Make those over to me, by a deed of gift, or at a nominal price, if you like, and your son marries Miss Leigh, as you have arranged. Refuse this offer, and it's only fair to tell you, he will most likely not wed Miss Leigh!"

"Good Heavens! young lady," said Mr. Warren, "would you have me cheat myself—and my son!"

"You may call it by any name you like, Mr. Warren. Will you accept my proposal?"

"Most certainly not! I won't hear of such a thing!" said the old gentleman, rising.

"Then," said Lydia, calmly, "to speak plainer to you, I shall be under the necessity of marrying your son, and my little fortune will not clear off your mortgages! It is a pity," she continued, sarcastically, "that I can't have it without Mr. Hugh!" and she was going, when Mr. Warren gasped out—

"Wait a minute—let me think!"

"As long as you please! When will you give me an answer?"

"To-morrow morning!"

"I must remind you Miss Leigh dines here to-night."

Arthur Warren fully understood the meaning of this remark, and said, "Will you sit down again?"

Lydia sat down, and lazily took up a book; Mr. Warren walked uneasily up and down the room for some time, and at length said, "Well, I must agree to your proposal, but I must say I think it's a most shameful —"

"That will do, sir," said Lydia, sweetly; "I don't want your opinion on that point—it is enough for me that you agree to my proposal. Good morning. I shall be very happy to be one of Miss Leigh's bridesmaids, I shall see you at luncheon—*au revoir!*" and she swept out, having completely gained the day.

She met Hugh in the hall, who was all smiles and attention, but she snubbed him so unmercifully, that he rushed away in disgust, and made up his mind to be unusually civil to Anna that night, to make up for his former shortcomings.

It need hardly be said that after the bargain just made with Mr. Warren, Lydia did not stay very long at Dene, but removed to the house of a friend she had known in India, and shortly afterwards bestowed the property she had gained by her bold stroke of diplomacy on her fellow-traveller, Capt. Loder. It was a strange choice for so brilliant a maiden, for, like the damsel in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," she married

"Half a heart, and rather less than half a liver."

Though possibly a common devotion to curry was the bond between them.

In due course of time Hugh Warren and Anna Leigh were married with great splendour, the young lady little knowing how nearly her lover was lost to her, although she has always an uncomfortable twinge whenever Mrs. Loder is mentioned. Hugh makes a very good husband, and has quite forgotten his dangerous flirtation. The broad acres of the house of Warren were largely increased by the dowry of the heiress of Leigh, and no one enquires how Mr. Arthur Warren was outwitted by the fair Lydia, all men praising him for what they call his noble generosity to "The Ward of Dene."

HENRY CLARKE.

CHILD OF THE SUN:

By HENRY FARNIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WITCH OF THE GUADARRAMAS.

WHILST love, assassination, and politics are thus interweaving in the capital of Philip V., certain events which will have a direct bearing on the ultimate issue of our story are taking place not very far away—on the city-ward slope of the Guadarrama range. On the very night which ended so inauspiciously for poor Deboissey a *tartana*, or rough oblong vehicle, resembling somewhat the lumber-wagon of North America—and drawn by a pair of stiff-necked mules, was conveying, at the rate of three miles an hour, an English officer towards the bivouac, or rather encampment of irregular troops, who held this advanced post for Charles III., close to dreary plain which lies between the Guadarramas and Madrid.

To judge from the occasional imprecations uttered by the Englishman in question, who, by the way, bore the name of Jasper Fennel, cornet of horse in the service of Queen Anne, and who, after a short idea of rough service gained in the Low Countries under Marlborough, had been detailed to join Stanhope and Stahrenberg in the cause of Charles III., so called. What his object was in thus travelling so uncomfortably in the desolate regions of the Guadarrama will be shortly explained by the traveller himself. Meanwhile, it will be instructive to notice how country travelling was managed in Spain in those days, although at the present time you will not fare much better in many hill districts. The *tartana* possessed no flooring:—where that generally indispensable affair commonly is, the rough planks serving for seats were stretched; and beneath dangled a net, not so much to rest the legs of the passengers as to prevent them falling on the road in case of losing their seat. Round about were piled *al forjas*, containing provisions and fodder, and one or two military portmanteaus holding Fennel's travelling baggage. In the centre, dressed in the stiff English uniform of the period, awayed poor Fennel, cursing his stars, and steadying himself with both hands, as the rude vehicle jolted on, over stones with which the Titans might have played cricket in the fabulous age. Alongside of the mules ran a wild-looking driver, who cracked his whip and howled at the animals with an energy entirely his own.

"When will we get at this abominable place, boy?" cried Fennel, at length, perfectly wearied out with the pitching and tossing of his wagon.

"Immediately, señor. The next turn of the road will bring us right into the middle of the soldiers."

Sure enough, after a little more jogging and shaking through the pitchy darkness, they were arrested by the ringing of a musket barrel amongst the rocks which separated the road from a deep *barranco* on the plain side, and a deep voice cried out, "Quien?"

"Gente de paz!" answered the driver, eagerly, checking his mules as he spoke, and presently two or three dark forms silently surrounded the vehicle. From their half uniform, shrouded by the invariable cloak, their scarred faces, and long muskets, it was easily to tell that they formed a patrol or vidette of the guerilla force, with the chief of which Mr. Cornet Fennel had business to do.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" questioned one of the guerillas.

"I am an English officer from Gen. Stanhope's division," answered Fennel, fluently, in Spanish, "and am despatched on matters of the deepest importance to Manuel Borasco, commanding the irregular troops of the district. You will therefore conduct me to him at once."

The guerilla saluted the English officer, and, turning to his comrades, muttered some order in a low tone. They immediately disappeared, apparently to resume their watch, and their comrade, who evidently held some inferior grade of command, signed to the mule-driver to proceed.

"The chief is at the posada, señor," remarked Matteo, for that was the guerilla soldier's name— "where his head-quarters are fixed. It is not ten minutes' ride from here."

"Faith! I am glad to hear it, comrade," answered Fennel, gaily; "these are the most devilish roads I think I ever travelled."

"There are worse, though, higher up, señor," answered Matteo, consolingly.

"Ah! I don't doubt that from what I've seen

already," remarked Fennel; "but I'm not in the Sappers. By the way, what force do you muster here?"

"What force, señor?"

"Yes—how many men? And have you any guns?"

"Señor, you will see the chief presently."

"Yes, of course, but as a friend, you know." —

"We shall be at the posada immediately"

"Confound their prudence!" muttered Fennel, as his guide relapsed into silence; "however, his officer will be more communicative."

By this time light was observable through the darkness. Walls appeared as they went, and groups of figures moved about; and presently the *tartana* rolled through a rude archway into the courtyard of the posada, which was much larger and more substantial than buildings generally of its class in country districts. It had even a look of fortification about it, as if it had been strengthened on purpose for a military post. And, as Fennel afterwards found out, this was really was the fact.

With difficulty alighting from his perch—for his limbs were cramped by the weary transit—the Englishman followed Matteo through a passage into what appeared to be the kitchen, parlor, and reception hall, in one of the posada. It was a large, comfortable room, with a quantity of dried beef and strings of onions depending from the smoke-coloured rafters, and in the open fireplace, although it was by no means chilly at night, blazed a pile of dry brushwood, over which simmered several open stew-pans. There was considerable bustle in the room at they entered. A very robust *patrona*, or landlady, was superintending the cooking, assisted by three good-looking lasses in velvet bodices and short skirts of home-spun stuff; and around the room, smoking, gaming, singing, and chattering, were spread a number of guerillas and goat-herds—the latter apparently fresh from their toil on the hills, and still having with them the long, thin spear of their calling. These men, as we have seen before, were themselves half-*bandoleros*, and were of immense use as a sort of jackal to the professional robbers then everywhere current in Spain.

This miscellaneous assemblage ceased its clatter on the entrance of Fennel and his escort. It was the sort of silence that is distinctly an interrogation, and Matteo evidently understood it as such, for he said,

"This is an English officer, comrades, who wishes to see our chief."

"*Viva el Yngles!*" was the shout immediately raised, as Fennel in a manner corroborated the introduction by unclanking, and thereby bringing the uniform of Queen Anne more distinctly into view. A bench was set apart for him by the fire, and the hostess informed him that supper was just ready, and that by the time it was over, Manuel Borasco, the chief, would be back.

"Where is he?" enquired Fennel.

"Oh, he often goes out at night and visits the outposts, señor," replied the *patrona*, "but to-night he has gone to visit old Angela."

"Old Angela?"

"Si, señor. She is a very old woman, whom the chief always carries about with him wherever he goes. They do say," continued the portly *patrona* in a whisper, "that she is a witch."

"Oh—the chief is superstitious then?"

"I don't know that, señor, but he never lets her words fall to the ground. She is very frail now, though."

"Why does she not live here, then—would she not be more comfortable?"

"Ah, that's the curious thing, señor,—she will not come under roof. No! she must have her little cave or hole in the hillside to live in."

"Why, that's an odd idea for an old dame."

"It is indeed, señor; but you see she has been accustomed to a wild life in the mountains all her days, and she still clings to it. Poor old Angela!"

During this dialogue, supper was put on the rude wooden benches which served as tables, and speedily the guerillas, amongst whom now appeared a number of women and girls, attracted no doubt by the news of a stranger arrived, were all seated round—a blank space nearest the fire being left for the señor Yngles. And Mr. Cornet Fennel was campaigner enough to know that the viands which smoked on the table were not to be despised. The principal dish was, of course, the *puchero* (stewed mutton—a sort of haricot), garnished with *garbanzos*, or large yellow peas, greens, and red smoked sausages, called *chorizos*—the mess well flavoured with the onion-present garlic and red pepper. This savoury dish was speedily portioned out on delf plates.

"Where the deuce are the knives and forks?" thought Fennel, as he handled a clumsy wooden spoon, one of which was laid by the side of each plate.

His mental doubt was soon answered by each man drawing a knife from his girdle. That answered for the knife of civilised life, and as for forks—well, fingers, it is known, proverbially, were invented before them. Seeing the Englishman's hesitating about beginning, his friend Matteo calmly wiped his knife across the sleeve of a very greasy doublet, and tendered it to him. Fennel thought it better to confine himself to his spoon, and accordingly declined the offer with thanks. After supper, a coarse but pure wine was brought in and served about. The conversation then waxed louder, and presently the *posada* was again filled with the din which pervaded it previous to the arrival of the *tartana*.

True to his military education, Fennel began to grow restless at the delay before he would be able to deliver his message to Borasco, and intimated as much to his *cicerone* Matteo.

"Are you very desirous of seeing him, señor?"

"Very. In fact my instructions were not to lose an instant. Could't you go in search of the chief?"

"I could, señor, but if he is seeing Angela—he will not come. *Por dios!* no—not for anybody, señor!"

"Then I must go in search of him, *amigo*," returned Fennel. "There's nothing to prevent that, is there?"

Matteo reflected a little, and thought there was not; and Fennel at once induced himself with his military cloak, assumed his foraging cap, and told Matteo to lead on.

Leaving the *posada*, they slowly took the mountain side. There was no pathway apparent, and the walking was toilsome in the extreme.

"You must be pretty strong, here, eh?" said Fennel, interrogatively, as they came upon party after party of guerillas bivouacking in rude huts of turf and brushwood.

"You see, señor," was the cautious answer, and on Fennel stumbled without further observation.

Whilst Matteo and Fennel are tracking their way up the hill, let us make use of our ubiquity and look in at the hut of the old zingara Angela.

It was, indeed, no place for civilized woman to inhabit, being merely a recess in a slight escarpment of the hill, heaped up with turf and hardened mud. The one room thus gained was almost unfurnished even with the commonest articles of household use, and the only redeeming feature was the glowing wood fire on the hard earth floor. Beside this, on a couch of leaves, further covered with a ragged blanket, crouched a very old woman, with the true zingara traditions in her aspect—the fiery, restless eye, swart face, and the little remains of finery, silver bangles, and so on, which even in that wildest phase of society woman must have.

Standing by her side towered a stately guerilla—for so his dress betokened him—some fifty years of age, the first streaks of grey showing amongst his black hair. His was a face which, additionally scorched by the fitful fire-light, gave the impression of a life passed in storm and unrest. And yet, as we often see in life, the moil and trouble of half a century had not the power to efface all traces of a nature once gentle and inoffensive; now and again his eye beamed softly, and an ineffable expression of kindness lit up his rugged face, with just such an effect as the tendrils of a vine sprouting through the lava ashes of a volcano. This man was celebrated. Manuel Borasco's was a name of terror through the length and breadth of Spain—though more to the constituted authorities than to the peasantry of the districts where he appeared. His advent as a bandit of the first force was sudden enough to be a wonder to the country at large. His was no gradual ascent from petty larceny to freebooting, but an abrupt dash into greatness. His band had, it was said, the proportions and organisation of a regular force; his raids on property wore the aspect of invasions; his treatment of captives was that of a conquering general towards prisoners of war. As for himself, he had acquired a notoriety, surmounting any renown hitherto attached to the most famous of Spanish robbers; chivalric he was even said to be, and, certainly, mysterious, few people ever having seen him for certain. He seemed to be omnipresent, so rapid were his movements; and when the civil war broke out in the matter of the succession to Charles II., the adherents of Philip V. shuddered to find that the brave, subtle, and lawless Borasco had sided with the pretended Charles III. Good reason had they, ere long, so to fear. The despairing multerer, who, as was narrated in the prologue to this story, swore vengeance against constituted right for a private wrong, and had

through long years kept to the letter of his vow, was no mean enemy now. The never-tiring spirit that kept the outlying bands of guerillas in Charles' interest on the alert; the busy brain that methodised irregular warfare to the destruction in detail of Philip's best troops; the daring intriguer who planned treason in Philip's capital, almost beneath his very windows; who was it?—the common voice named it Borasco.

The conversation between this terrible *voluntario* and the old *gitana* was of special interest to both, to judge from the eager way in which it was carried on.

"So, *nina*, you dislike this Don Ignacio?"

"He is a viper. Beware, lest he sting thee, Manuel Sanchez."

"I brought him to you but the other night, Angela, that I might have my own mind strengthened as to the future. He came with me, but you did not know, *nina*, who or what the man was to me, more than a plotting soldier of Philip's. I asked you to watch his eye—"

"—It was an evil one!"

"—And to balance every motion that he made."

"I did so."

"And then you tell me that I must beware?"

"I do, Manuel Sanchez."

"And I believe you, Angela. I had my misgivings, but something was necessary to be done, and I thought he was my best instrument."

"For whom was this something to be done? Tell me, Manuel, for I see there is a weight upon your mind."

"It is more than sixteen years ago now," began Borasco with that introspective expression of a man reading past histories of his life—"since the night when the watch at the Generalife, Granada, found their governor's house in flames, himself slain, and his infant daughter stolen."

"I remember that night," broke in the *gitana*, hurriedly, with a strange gleam in her eyes,—"and well do I remember holding the babe to the lips of Dolores ere she died."

Dolores! The name of the poor dead girl had still a charm for the rugged guerilla. He continued, but his voice was not so steady or confident as before.

"And if you remember that, *nina*, you remember— you who alone of all my band now knows aught of that terrible night—how she blessed the mother and blessed the child with her dying breath. You remember how she besought me to forego my vengeance—though, at that time, no power on earth or in hell, I thought, could have turned me from my purpose. And that was to root out the accursed race of the Montemayors from the land. I would have done it too, had not the saints led poor Dolores to the hills to die that night."

"It was God," muttered the old *gitana*.

"Ay, it was, Angela; and my revenge against the Montemayors was stayed when she died. I have still a long account to settle with kings and courts before I have done—but my war with the dead is ended. I saved the child."

"Estrella?" interposed Angela, softly.

"Yes; it was she. You know, for you have been with me continually since then, what my design was—to lose the child! Not to take her life, for I could not do that; but to bring her up as a robber's daughter, whose father might have perished in a skirmish; to sink her name and lineage for ever; to marry her, perhaps, to a brigand like myself; and to see the proud blood of my hated enemy thicken in the veins of proscribed outlaws. To have her thus before me, a monument of my vengeance which the years could make only more vivid, was my will and my purpose, even after that last night at Granada. To that end I gradually separated myself from my old associates—that was easily done—and before long, under my new name, with you alone with me to nurse the infant, I felt that it would be vain for any of the Montemayors to track the fate of the lost child."

"But they tried, Manuel, and hard pinched were we often for safety."

"True; but the keenest of their hounds were at length baffled, and these sixteen years have passed away one after the other still further dimming the recollection of that night of vengeance at Granada. Except you, Angela, no living soul knows that the muleteer Sanchez and the guerilla chief Borasco are the same. But I have not yet explained my doubts and fears—ay! I have fears—to you. The infant grew—so fair that we called her the Star; you remember, too, what she, Dolores, called her—Child of the Sun? Truly there is no glory in heaven more beautiful than Estrella! As she grew up to girlhood, then to womanhood, she blunted all my vengeance, if any was left

against her and hers, by that angel face and her angel heart. She a living monument of hate! The very years which I thought would intensify my sorrow and my wrath by developing in her some traces of the man I loathed and slew, seemed, instead, to bring some trait into her face, into her soul, so different, so winning, that I was soon the slave of anguish and remorse for having cheated one so good and gentle—one so fitted for all that is bright and noble in destiny—out of her birthright."

"But you could not part with her?"

"No, no—I was weak. But I wanted something to love, and past Estrella there was none. Still I felt that some day or other she must leave me, or I her. More likely the latter, by chance of shot or steel. Beside, as you know, Angela, beauty such as hers will shine out even in the gloom of the hills. You cannot quench the diamond in the dark. And that other phase of my vengeance—to wed her to a boor! Well, there's none of us—save yourself, perhaps, Angela" (he said this with a smile) "can foresee the future. Whilst turning over in my mind what was the best course to pursue with respect to the welfare of Estrella, the rightful heiress of Montemayor, the present war broke out, and chance threw me in the way of Don Ignacio de Segura. I had declared, on principle, for the subverting interest—the cause of Charles III.; he had ostensibly gone for Philip V. But he was a traitor—playing for higher stakes than Philip could offer."

"I thought so."

"Much about the same time that I found this, and was brought in consequence into frequent contact with him, I made another discovery, of infinitely greater interest to me."

"And that, Manuel, was?"

"That this same Don Ignacio de Segura was the heir presumptive to the estate and title of Montemayor, at present enjoyed by the Marquesa, who, since her husband's death, has lived in widowhood, although still lovely and far from old, appearing only at court as one of the Ladies of the Chamber in waiting on Gabriella Louise, the consort of Philip V."

"Surely, Manuel, the mother was the likeliest protector for her own child, if you wanted one for Estrella?"

"I thought over that, Angela, but my knowledge of the world decided against the choice. Suppose it was any one's interest to deny that Estrella was the daughter of the late Marquis de Montemayor—and it was clearly the interest of Don Ignacio to do so—what chance would a poor, frail woman have against the machinations and evil influences he could bring to bear? None. So I determined that he himself, the only one interested in the death of the lost child, should be her protector."

"And you have failed?"

"Only in part. I sent Estrella into Madrid with a *duenna*, whom I can trust. If Juana does not know Estrella, she at least knows me, and that I will not be trifled with. I did this for a twofold reason. In the first place, to have a house there, tenanted apparently by private ladies, is a safeguard for me in my dangerous visits to Philip's capital; in the second, I had thus an opportunity of bringing Don Ignacio and Estrella together."

"For what end? Not to make love surely?"

"No, no. A grandee of Spain would never stoop to the daughter of a robber—for such he reckons me, doubtless—and he knows, on the other hand, that to betray Estrella would be to call down ruin on his head. Therefore, there is little love-making about it. But I hoped Estrella's youth and innocence would have made an impression on him; that I might have said to him confidently, 'this is the long-lost child of your kinsman, take her, give her back to her mother's heart,' and that he would have done it."

"But he never will. Believe me, Manuel Sanchez, he never will!"

"I fear not, Angela."

"What then?"

"I have bound him to Estrella's cause with stronger bonds even than those of love—"

"And they are?"

"—The bonds of death! He has leagued and plotted with me, till his days are in my hand. One word from me, and his life is forfeited to King Philip's wrath. And as surely as my name is Manuel Sanchez, as surely as I shall one day lead Estrella to her mother, and call Don Ignacio de Segura to acknowledge her in all her rights, so surely shall he do my bidding or die—even if I, too, should perish with him."

Here Borasco paused, and old Angela, keeping silence too, watched the wood-embers gleaming, with a thoughtful look.

"But in the meantime," she said, after this silence, "what if anything should happen you, Manuel?—though all the saints forbid! Estrella is left without an arm strong enough to be passed over her like a shield."

"Ah, Angela," cried Borasco, eagerly, "now you grasp all my difficulty, all my doubt. What, indeed, is to become of our star, if the clouds of war still sweep over the sky, and the tempest lay me low! I have thought it out, *nina*, on the hills, on the march, in the battle; I have looked around, and I cannot see him to whose care I would yield up Estrella. No—not one!"

"And yet he must be found."

"He must. You are right, Angela, and you it is who must tell me where to look for him."

Borasco took the hand of the old woman earnestly, and looked beseechingly in her face as he spoke. The fact is, this redoubtable gentleman was exceedingly superstitious, like all people who live in solitudes and study the stars perforce. Besides old Angela was a remarkable woman, and not a little of a prophetess. Far-seeing people are to a certain extent their own prophets, and of such was Angela. There was a wonderful shrewdness of observation, and habits of intuition cultivated up to the highest pitch, that lent a certainty, almost, to her prognostications and gained her great repute—with her chief as a wise woman, with others as a witch. The latter reputation was to a certain extent justified by Angela's habits—living in caves, eating strange herbs, which she would wander about at night gathering—crooning over her fire in a wild way as people went shuddering by—all these, we repeat, in some kind justified the report that Angela was a witch. It is not a matter of certainty that the old woman did not believe so herself. There is a certain dignity and power in soothsaying and the other branches of demonology practised by witches, that compensate in a very great measure for their general unpopularity.

When, therefore, Borasco, who like all great men had his weaknesses, asked for a little example of divination from his sorceress, he did so in perfect confidence as to the result, and she on her side, equally weak, immediately set about the necessary preparations. These were simple and consisted in her chewing a quantity of herbs which, judging from their effect, had apparently some of the peculiar qualities of opium. Instead, however, of lulling the old woman into a state bordering on insensibility, the herbs excited her physically as well as mentally. Her eyes rolled and flashed; she brandished her clenched fists; she drew her gaunt but wasted form to its full height, whilst her convulsive breathing betokened the strength of the medicaments. Borasco was evidently used to this preparatory process, for he calmly surveyed the paroxysms into which the hag had thrown herself, and waited patiently for the Delphic utterances which he knew from experience would shortly proceed from her. Nor had he to wait long. Angela began to speak—wildly, it is true, but that was only in keeping with what she uttered. Somewhat as follows ran her ravings—couched in the metaphorical language of her race:

"Trust not to the glitter of the gay gallant—even though he be of her blood. Swarthy is his brow, but darker is his heart, and that is heavy with curses of them whom he has ruined for ever. Yes! Child of the Sun, thou shalt not lay thy golden tresses to his heart. Fain would he give thee to the ravens and let the cormorant flap his wing over thy cheek. But who is he that cometh to thee, O maiden, and bendeth low before thee, and giveth thee his heart? His face it is fair, and his locks are not the locks of a Spaniard, and when he tells his love and swears to protect thee, I hear him that he is an alien. Get thee gone, Borasco, to fight or to plot—he is nigh at hand who will take Estrella from thee and rightly keep his charge. Gird on thy sword, O chief, and fear not that thy old sin will haunt thee like a ghost—for he is at hand, young, fair, with a brow like an archangel, and fearless as the knight of Bida—who absolves thee and will restore Estrella's rights. I tell thee, and I cannot lie, for it is before me,—he cometh!"

She pronounced these last words almost at the top of her voice, and then sank back on her pallet of leaves. And scarcely had the sound of her voice ceased, than Borasco was almost startled to hear a knock at the rude door of the hut. Clutching his gun by the stock he

flung open the door, and the red light from the fire disclosed the features of his lieutenant, Matteo, and a stranger—our friend Jasper Fennel, of course.

Now Mannel Borasco was thoroughly superstitious, as we have seen, and no sooner had he heard from Fennel who he was—viz., an English officer—than he at once leapt to the somewhat precipitate conclusion that this was the very alien so strongly and distinctly marked out by old Angela. It is no use whatever for us to try and account for this extraordinary idea on the part of the guerilla; suffice it to say that it was so, and that the idea once entertained became fixed, and was subsequently acted upon. But, had Borasco known of a certain captain of French Musketeers, named Deboissy—who, by the way, answered old Angela's description quite as nearly as Fennel did—and had he further been made acquainted with certain episodes in which Deboissy, De Segura, and Estrella were then figuring somewhat largely, we doubt if he would have so easily fixed upon Queen Anne's cornet as the coming protector—heaven sent—for his adopted daughter. In addition to this misleading idea on the part of the guerilla chief, it turned out, curiously enough, that Fennel was an old fellow-student of Deboissy at Paris, whither he had been sent by his father, a Roman Catholic landowner of Essex, to complete his education. The complication this must give rise to, will speedily appear in our narrative.

(To be continued.)

"BONNY THE BIRD."

Bonny the bird that sings on the tree
At the early dawn of day,
Merry the maiden that laughs below,
Where violets hide away.
Tenderly twilight steals o'er the fern,
The Pimpernel marks the time,
The wood-bird's song and the maiden's laugh
Are hushed at the evening chime.

Slowly the river of life rolls on,
'Mid the fairest flowers at dawn,
The dearest hopes of a life belong
To the sunlit hours of morn.
Treasure the flowers of youth for age,
We sail to the unknown shore
Where blossoms that spring at morning-tide
Will wither for evermore.

HENRY CLARKE.

DAS MEERESLEUCHTEN.

O komm in mein Schiffchen, Geliebte, daher:
Die Nacht ist so still und es leuchtet das Meer.
Und wo ich hin rudre, entbrennet die Fluth,
Es schaukelt mein Nachen in wallender Gluth.
Die Gluth ist die Liebe, der Nachen bin ich,
Ich sink in den Flammen; O rette Du mich!

(Translation.)

O come in my skifflet, beloved, to me;
The night is so still, and shineth the sea.
The shining sea burneth wherever I row,
My skifflet is sway'd in the undulate glow.
The glow is my love, and the skiff I alone,
I sink in the burning; O save me, my own!

MACFARREN'S "HELVELLYN."

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's new opera, "*Helvellyn*," the first English opera produced by the new company, which has promised so much in the development of native talent, has hardly met with deserved appreciation. We will, however, endeavour to give our readers a general idea of the work. The drama, which is written by Mr. John Oxenden, and is founded, we are informed, on a play by Mosenthal, may be described as pastoral, and its construction is broad and simple. The story runs thus: *Mabel*, the widow of a well-to-do landowner near the base of Helvellyn, is harassed by the sudden appearance of *Luke*, a scamp and brother of her late husband. This *Luke* pretends to have some claim on the estate, and quarters himself on the farm in a very objectionable way, especially to an orphan girl named *Hannah*, who came weary-footed one day to Helvellyn, and was taken in by the hospitable *Mabel*. Now there is on the farm a model rustic named *Martin*, who is beloved by his mistress, but unfortunately him-

self loves the orphan *Hannah*; and there is also a crabbed, honest, garrulous old fellow, *Stennie* to wit, who tells legends to the workpeople at night, and amongst others, an old story of the burning of the neighbouring foundry some twenty years before, by an incendiary workman named *Ralph*, who had perished in the flames with his wife, but whose infant child had escaped. It is this incident that has been worked into a tableau during the overture. The curtain draws up, disclosing the foundry in flames, the while a chorus sing behind—

"Curse on the head that the evil planned,
Curse on the hand that carried the brand."

The real incendiary is *Luke*, then a workman at the foundry, who had made love (as is afterwards explained) to the founder's daughter, and had been scornfully rejected. In revenge he sets fire to the foundry and makes his escape. *Ralph*, less lucky, perishes with his wife in the flames, but his young daughter, *Hannah*, sees *Luke* with the firebrand, and his image is impressed indelibly on her brain. With this preliminary action the story proceeds through four acts, in the manner we have above described. The *dénouement* exposes *Luke* as the real incendiary; clears the fair fame of *Hannah*'s father; gives her to *Martin*; and precipitates *Luke* over a precipice amid a storm of thunder and lightning. This simple thread of story is strengthened by a cluster of delightful pastoral recollections—harvesting, going to the village church, and so forth. The opera is put on the stage and dressed in the most sumptuous way. The Company has been lavish of everything that could heighten or realise the effect of poet and musician. In the way of scenery nothing could be more lovely than the churchyard set with the built-up ivy tower and tall beeches. As for the grouping, it is most magnificent. The harvest-home supper (with those wonderfully natural rounds of beef and smoking trenchers of vegetable) comes only second to the exceedingly clever picture of the villagers going into church—with the episodes of gossiping, speaking to the parson, and so forth, characteristic of that ceremony.

We proceed to give a detailed analysis of the music. The overture (in C major) is after the model introduced so successfully by *MYZEBER* in "*Dinorah*."

To describe what Mr. MACFARREN attempts to portray we cannot do better than quote his own words:—

"Illustrated Overture, purporting to represent, at a period ten years before the action of the Opera, pastoral life amid the ever rippling streams of the mountain district, disturbed by the reprobacy of *Luke*, who, curst and disinherited by his father, wanders reckless from home. He finds occupation at a great foundry near a distant town, where willing toil makes rough hearts merry. He loves the master's daughter, but is rejected by her father. The curtain rises, discovering a 'Tableau Vivant' of the foundry and the numerous dwellings of the workpeople in flames, with *Ralph*, on whom a burning beam has fallen, dying in the arms of his wife and child, while *Luke*, with a fire-brand in his hand, is retreating in the distance, the eyes of the child being fixed on him. The curtain falls, and the Overture proceeds to denote the dispersion of the hundreds who were dependent on the foundry, and rendered destitute by its destruction. *Luke*, brooding over his rejection, his wild spirit still more hardened, becomes a vagrant outcast; but the peaceful stillness of the old mountain home is unbroken after the reprobate's departure."

It is, perhaps, necessarily disjointed; and, as nearly all such picture-painting music must be,—unsatisfactory. The principal subject is a pretty little pastoral phrase:—

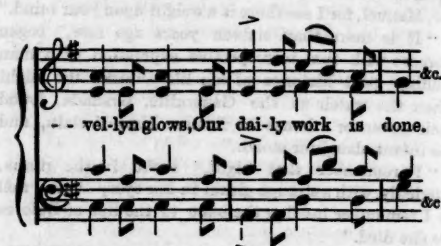
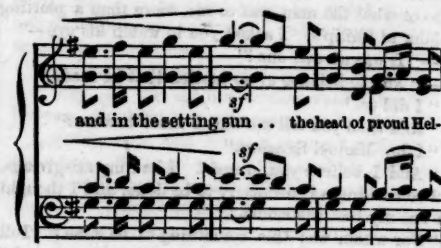
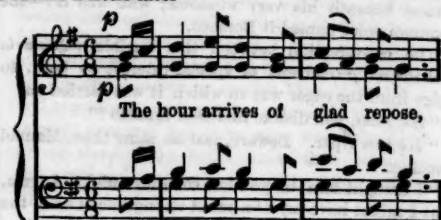
OBEO SOLO.
dolce.



The change from the dominant of the key into C minor (where *Luke*'s song, from the first finale, is introduced in unison) is abrupt and harsh; we may presume to give character to the personage most requiring it. Throughout the remaining portion there is much effective instrumentation, and a thorough knowledge of orchestral writing displayed: but, in

our opinion, the *coda*, from the *più Allegro*, forms but a weak climax to the whole.

The first act opens with a pastoral symphony, containing solos for oboe and clarinet, followed by recitative for *Stennie*. The principal motif is exceedingly taking, from its charming simplicity, and is used as a chorus a little later—



The narrative ballad, for *Stennie*, with chorus, descriptive of the burning of the foundry, has nothing to particularly recommend it to notice, with the exception of the triplet figure in the accompaniment of the second verse, as relieving the whole. A Mozartian symphony introduces *Mabel*, who, after greeting those assembled, enquires for *Martin*. He joins the party, and has allotted to him the song—



In performance this was, however, given to *Mabel*, and although sung with much energy by *Mdme. Parepa*, it suffered from transposition an octave higher than was intended. Some short recitatives follow for *Mabel* and *Martin*, wherein she expresses her fear that the reprobate brother of her late husband may return, and these fears *Martin* endeavours to dispel in one of the most charming bits of melody to be found in the entire work. It is so simple and appropriate that we regret its brevity. *Hannah* is now seen coming down the hill-side, singing a plaintive snatch of melody, "The lonely wanderer came o'er the moor," which is so sparingly accompanied as to be rather unsatisfactory. The kind-hearted *Mabel* replies to her prayer for food and shelter, and bids her welcome to take from her store; but the suspicious *Stennie* suggests the propriety of knowing something of her character. The phrase wherein he does so is, however, not original, and in its present form is not calculated to make English words more expressive for vocal setting—

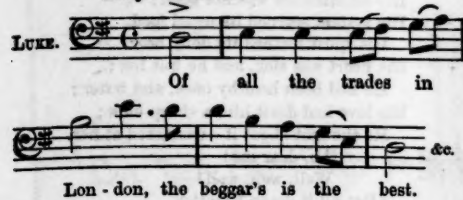


The quartet which follows is cleverly written and effective, but that portion in G Major, 12-8, "What spell, what magic holds me fast?" is after the old and somewhat monotonous, imitative style of "*D'un pensive*." From the entrance of the chorus it becomes more interesting from its masterly treatment. Both soprano parts are most equally divided, and in

such a clever manner as to remove all feeling of jealousy or rivalry between the *prime donna*, should such really exist.

Hannah, Martin, and the others having withdrawn, a recitative and song for Mabel follow, which are not however very attractive. The *Finale* commences with the entrance of Luke singing—

Allegro Moderato.



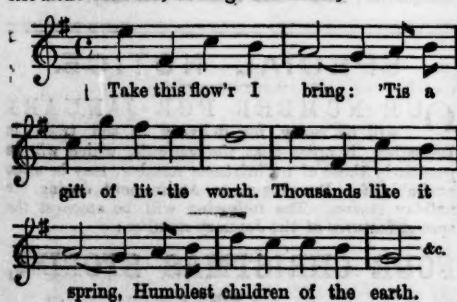
This is very characteristic, and the accompaniment bold and vigorous while in the other portions the hesitation and fear of Mabel are admirably expressed. The entrance of the voices together is extremely effective and managed with all the skill of a master.

Luke's very simple but conclusive argument is laid down in the simplest of melodies, after which Martin, Steenie, and the farm people return, singing the first chorus (see Ex. 2.)

Mabel having decided on going to London to procure a copy of her husband's will, a cleverly written concerted piece follows, in which her dependents bid her farewell, and with this the curtain falls.

Act second commences with a scena for Luke, the subject of the introductory symphony reminding us strongly of "The Anvil Chorus" in "Trovatore," but possibly this resemblance is intentional on the part of Mr. Macfarren.

The *Larghetto* phrase "The Child was there" is extremely smooth and graceful, expressive of feeling even in the heart of the hardened reprobate. The last movement is spirited and characteristic, but falls off in interest from the words "Now a gentleman am I." There is much masterly writing in the next scene between Hannah and Luke, proving, if proof were wanting, Mr. MACFARREN's intimate acquaintance with stage business. Let us note also the passage, with violoncello, "Come here, my pretty dear," and the introduction of a reminiscence of MENDELSSOHN'S G minor Concerto on the words "I'm not a dog." The harvesters now enter in procession to keep their festival and sing an unaccompanied part-song. This is of course well written; the second subject, with its staccato bass, enlivening the general effect. At the conclusion a sudden change of key takes place,—from D into C, doubtless in anticipation of a fall in the pitch of the voices, after which follows a short recitative for Martin. Being left alone with her, he sings the ballad,

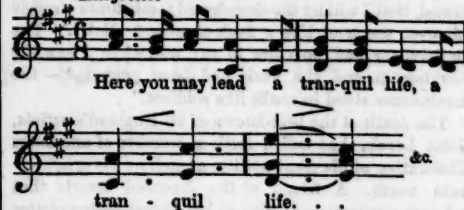


We believe this is destined to attain popularity in its transposed form. The Harvest-home scene is full of characteristic bustle and jollity, of such a quality as indeed we never meet with but in the operas of Mr. MACFARREN. Almost as a rule we find him most successful when employing all his characters in such scenes as the present. The Country dance is founded on the old melody, "Long ways for as many as will," and throughout is full of animation, and extremely effective in the instrumentation. Steenie now accuses Hannah of robbery, she repels the charge. Martin and Chorus approve of her doing an act of charity to one of the poorer people, and beg that Steenie may be dismissed. With the intention of prolonging his stay, he, however, sings a long and not over interesting movement in 9-8 time, *Andante*. The chorus enter a little later in unison with fine effect, and the whole works up to a good climax. Now left alone, Mabel and Martin examine the probate of the will, but are disturbed by the entrance of Luke, in a drunken state.

A very cleverly-written scene ensues, and from the point where Luke becomes sobered, a brilliant trio in A major produces much effect. Luke having withdrawn, Mabel expresses to Martin her intention of making him master of her possessions. She then leaves him, to meet again the following morning. A recitative and scena now follow, but in performance a portion of the latter is omitted. The air in B major, "When at first gentle Hannah stood before me," with clarinet accompaniment, is exceedingly graceful.

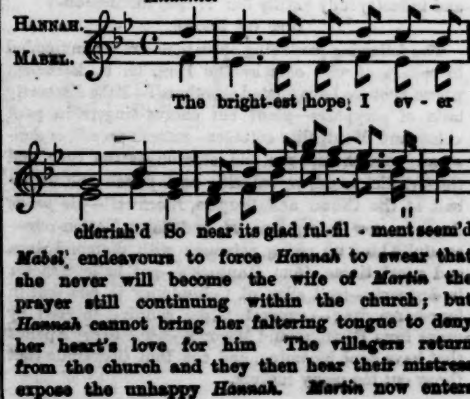
The third act commences with a chorus of farm girls, who have conducted Hannah to the hut on the crag. In our opinion this is one of the sweetest pieces in the work, and only the complicated nature of the accompaniments will prevent its becoming popular.

Allegretto.

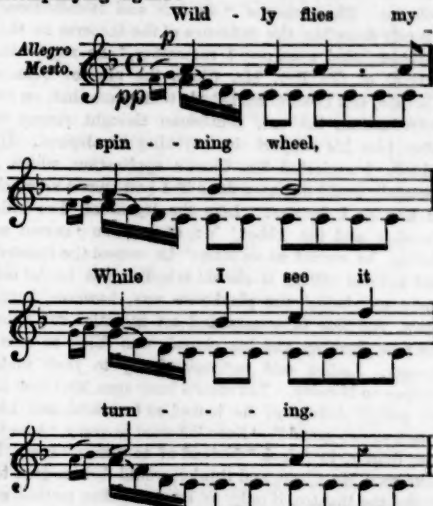


Of the scena for Hannah, the second movement is the most interesting. It is of great difficulty and brilliancy, and receives every justice from M^{rs}. SHERRINGTON, for whom it seems to have been specially written. We think, however, that the Dr. ANNE passages are now rather antiquated, and the effect of the whole could be improved by the introduction of something more original. She is joined by Martin, who declares his love, after informing her of the proposals of Mabel. A very smoothly-written and effective duet follows in A flat, 6-8 time. At the termination of this movement, Hannah, having refused to listen to his declaration, retires into the hut. Martin sings at her window the romance in D flat, "Oh! Hannah, speak one word." This is exceedingly pleasing, the suppliant character of the commencement being well expressed, but the second phrase is certainly not original. No reply, no sound, and Martin rushes distractedly from the scene. The symphony during the time Hannah, opening the door, views his departure, is a beautifully-expressive clarinet solo. The next scene takes us to the church on a bright summer's morning, the villagers being assembled in anticipation of the coming union of Mabel and Martin. The chorus, "How calm and bright appears the holy morn," is smooth and simple in harmony. The people converse among themselves on the good luck of Martin. Luke and Steenie now come before the scene once more. The former learns from the suspicious and jealous old servant that Martin visited the cot of Hannah on the previous night, and resolves to turn the information to his advantage, or at least to produce more mischief. Steenie enters the church, from whence is heard issuing a prayer, while Mabel, meantime arriving, is listening to Luke's version of Martin's faithlessness. Hannah joins them, and is charged by Mabel with perfidy, and reminded of the curse which seems to hang over her head. The duet which follows is Mendelssohnian in character at the commencement, well written, and equally balanced; but the effect was spoilt in the performance by an unmeaning cadenza, which, however, is not in the original score.

Andante.



and demands an explanation, in reply to which Mabel offers to repeat the questions she has asked Hannah while she, poor creature, implores to be heard at another time. The working out of the *finale* from this point is very spirited, every one of the characters being appropriately employed, and their varied feelings well expressed. In the *Entr'acte* previous to the fourth act there is some sweet instrumentation displayed, the low flute notes producing a delightful effect, while somewhat later the subject of "The Spinning Wheel" romance forms a delicious clarinet solo. We can only give a slight idea of Mabel's song, while sitting spinning in her room, much of its character depending on the accompanying figure:—



The phrase *Poco più Lento* might be VERDI, but that he would not have repeated the interrupted cadence near the conclusion of the second verse. Martin enters to bid her farewell, and expresses his gratitude for her kindness in a simple and charming phrase, "To Helvellyn poor I came." He tells of his, as he believes, unreturned love for Hannah, and of his determination to leave the spot, the only creature who endeared it being about to depart. The generous Mabel, finding how she has wronged Hannah, resolves to sacrifice her own happiness to procure that of Martin, and after a brilliant duet in A flat, they go in search of her. The movement is effective, but in this, as in many of Mr. MACFARREN's compositions, there is, in our opinion, too frequent use of progressions of thirds and sixths to be free of monotony. Steenie is now seen toiling up the hill to view the old place for the last time, and, foreseeing the coming storm, he retires for shelter. Hannah enters: pursued by fate and wearied of life, she seeks for rest in death. Rushing to precipitate herself over the precipice she views the glare of sunlight in the heavens, reminding her of the foundry blaze. Her dying father seems to call upon her yet to live and prove his innocence, while the thought of Martin's love gives encouragement. The song "I've watched him" has much English character in the opening, and pleases from the graceful flow of the violoncello part in the accompaniment. It is impossible to give a perfect idea of the very masterly management of the whole of the next scene, when after the entrance of Luke—who taunts her in the most demoniacal manner, and taking a lighted brand, threatens to fire the farm of Mabel—the vivid recollection of the foundry fire, and recognition of her father's murderer, flash before her. The whole is of such an intensely dramatic character as to prevent our doing more than congratulate Mr. MACFARREN on his conception. Luke casts Hannah off, and rushing to the edge of the abyss, clutches a blasted tree, which, being struck by a thunder-bolt, is precipitated with him into the valley below. Hannah, on her knees, bursts forth her gratitude to heaven, for having at last cleared her father's name, in a short prayer in E major. Steenie, having overheard all that passed, comes forward to raise her, and becomes witness before Mabel and the villagers that it was by Luke's hand the foundry was destroyed. Mabel gives the hand of Hannah to Martin, since Heaven would seem to have made them for each other, and with the subject (See Ex. 1) from the overture for the chorus in unison and solo voices above, the curtain falls.

The Country House.

LIBRARY.

The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley has written a gossip book on his life and recollections, and the anecdotes of fashionable life, which are given with considerable cleverness of style and a light, humorous vein, are really interesting. The Honourable author was whilom known in Cheltenham circles, where the Berkeleys ever hold a proud position; and several of his experiences date from that now decayed resort of fashion. It will be remembered that the present Dean of Carlisle at one time tenorised Cheltenham society as the Rev. Mr. Close, and fulminated against balls, theatres, and tobacco. The author of "My Life and Recollections" funnily describes the influence of the theocrat in that feeble-minded town:—"I remember," he says, "the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Close, the present Dean of Carlisle, and Colonel Berkeley's telling me that, on his introduction, the rev. gentleman thought proper to offer him his support in anything he desired. He added, 'I neglected Mr. Close's application, which I certainly would not have done if I had known as much of him as I do now.' Like the legend of 'The little Jackdaw and the Abbot,' Mr. Close then 'cursed us sitting, he cursed us walking;' he cursed the theatre, and seemed willing it should take fire, but he did not make us 'bald;' the playhouse was, however, burnt down, the tide of womankind set in with a run upon the new preacher, and his church was filled to overflowing. Ladies said enthusiastically to their male visitors on Monday, 'You should have seen Mr. Close in his pulpit yesterday; he looked so beautiful, and his action was so grand!' 'Seen!' I used to reply, 'I hope you don't go to "look" instead of to "hear" him. I have seen Mr. Close, and think it would do him good to attend the theatre, if only to learn a better method of delivery. When he clasps his hands together, he looks as if he were squeezing a lemon into a punchbowl, and not as if urging a plea to heaven.' The Close sensation, however, went on: fifty pairs of slippers were worked for the parson, and presented to him, as if he had been a centipede: a house was built and furnished for him at the expense of the female members of the congregation, and close and closer grew the intimacy. He took the lead with a certain class of society, and kept it. A man in a red coat was looked on as a 'scarlet' abomination; balls were forbidden; and, in short, Cheltenham no longer was a place for innocent amusement; the old regime was condemned and doomed, and waltzers, quadrille dancers, and sweet ballad singers sent to the deuce. It was then that the real love of the pastor or his doctrines was tested in the female bosom by the following circumstance. A devout follower of the popular clergyman was one day walking in the High-street, her mind filled with the last sermon and favourite preacher, when in passing a shop window she saw some things that attracted her eye, among them a pair of slippers. There were several pairs of slippers there, but this one pair particularly excited her attention. Presently she entered the shop, and desired that they should be brought to her. They were at once placed in her hands, with, however, the depreciatory remark:—"You won't approve of these articles; they are some of the rubbishy things Mr. Close had given him, and sets no value upon, so he has sent them here for sale." The man made a mistake. The lady apparently did approve of them, for she bought them. They had been worked by her exclusively for the feet of her rev. favourite, and she could not endure the idea of their being contemptuously discarded. She never went to Mr. Close's church again."

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From the cultivation of his garden, he transferred his labours to the burial ground of his church, and the consternation of his parishioners may be imagined, when they discovered him, in his shirt sleeves and a red cap, with a spade, pickaxe, and red-handled blue wheelbarrow, looking like the gravedigger in 'Hamlet,' transplanting the tombstones as if they were shrubs, and ranging them in rows without any reference whatever to the graves to which they belonged. Of course, a feeble remonstrance was made occasionally by a living relative—feeble, for the rev. operator on the tombs was well known; but all cavil was silenced by the following remark from the tall and actively engaged divine:—"My house is in order, and so is everything about me: but the first thing that should be thought of is to put the House of the Lord in order. Do you suppose, my good friend, that I will let the churchyard tombstones straggle all over the land like a flock of geese? Not I." The parishioner had no more to say, and when I saw the burying ground the work had been perfected—the tombstones stood in ranks like soldiers."

The death of the best-known of all England's artists, John Leech, has called forth a number of anecdotes illustrative of his great ability, as well as his great private worth. A friend of the deceased asserts that "Leech's success was owing to his almost daily practice of jotting in his note-book every remarkable physiognomy or incident that struck him in his rambles. Such, at all events, was his practice at the commencement of his too brief career. On one occasion he and I were riding to town together in an omnibus, when an elderly gentleman, in a very peculiar dress, and with very marked features, stepped into the vehicle, and sat down immediately in front of us. We were the only inside passengers. For whom, or for what he took, or probably mis-took us, I know not; but he stared so hard, and made such wry faces at us, that I could scarcely refrain from laughter. My discomfort was almost completed, when Leech suddenly exclaimed, 'By the way, did Prendergast ever show you that extraordinary account which has been lately forwarded to him?' and, producing his note-book, added: 'Just run your eye up that column, and tell me what you can make of it?' The page was blank; but two minutes afterwards the features of that strange old gentleman gazing at us were reflected with life-like fidelity upon it. On another occasion, when also journeying with him, I saw him strike off with equal promptitude and skill the scene of a quarrel between some dirty little urchins in a suburban village. These and similar sketches served 'to fill up,' as he said, his more formal labours."

"I cannot conclude this brief note on his dexterity as an artist without adding my humble tribute of respect to his memory. His numerous pictures and sketches were the index of his constitutional temperament. He was a most genial companion and warmhearted man. It was my good fortune to become acquainted with him just as he was emerging from the 'ruck' of his profession, and taking the lead in the race of fame. No doubt he was a hard worker, and fairly won the foremost position. To his lasting credit, he never prostituted his talents to any party, political or otherwise, nor etched a line that 'brought a blush to woman's brow.' Like his illustrious schoolmate and friend, Thackeray, he could delineate the rudest life and manners without exaggeration and without indelicacy. Nature, apart from vulgarity, was ever his aim. The name of John Leech will always mark an epoch in the history of his particular line of art. For the gratification of posterity, it is to be hoped that his frank and gentle countenance will be perpetuated in stone in one or the other of our great national temples. His genius and industry fully entitle him to that distinction."

OUT OF DOORS.

The following gardening operations are recommended to sowers of wild oats by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, whose book we have quoted elsewhere:—"Rake discreetly beds of coryphæes—plant out chorus-singers in park villas and Montpellier cottages—refresh *premières danseuses* with champagne and chicken at the Star and Garter, Richmond, varied with cold punch and white-bait at the Crown and Sceptre, Blackwall—air *prime donne* in new broughams up and down Rotten-row—carefully bind up rising actresses with diamond rings and pearl tiaras, from Hancock's—pot ballet-dancers in dog-carts—trail alips of Columbines to box-seat in four-horse drag—support faïres running to seed by props from Fortnum and Mason's—leave to dry Apollos that have done blooming, and cut Don Giovanni that throw out too many suckers."

Pastime.

CHARADE.

Upon my first, close to a wood,
Sat poor young Tom the cavalier.
His constitution was not good;
His system scorned its usual food,
His spirit loathed its daily beer.
His heart was sick, and he was low;
He had been healthy once, and fatter;
His love had dealt him a sharp blow;
He thought about it—wondered at her.
Ah, dear me!
Well, well, well!
After all it doesn't matter.

The poor young man had written twice
And asked her, please to be his bride;
And though the notes were really nice,
And called her "darling" more than thrice,
The female hadn't once replied!
He felt as if my second's frost
With grey hair, toothless gab, and chatter,
Had seized him since his love was lost,
And made him old with wondering at her.
Ay, ay, ay!
To be sure!
Really though, it doesn't matter.

In after years my second came,
And he was palsied, old, and smitten.
And then he found out that his flame
Had ever "loved him still the same,"
Yet, strang to say, had never written.
The two notes did not reach the maid,
No letter ever found the latter:
And why? My whole was not prepaid,
And postal ire was levelled at her.
Dear bless me!
You don't say!
Well, but tell me: did it matter?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES IN OUR LAST.

I. CAR-PET. II. HER-RING.

The following answer both:—Frederick B.; Helen Armstrong; S. L. V.; Paul; T. R. Munroe; Jessie; Lily Dale; Pwetrina; Pollio; W. Collins; C. Reade.

First.—General Peel; Arab O'Pheether; Colin; B. P. R.; Sophey Dawes; Sincerity; Mephistopheles; S. M. C.; Liberté; A. M.; Bard; Brown.

Second.—Aimée; B. Grey; Lucy T.; Jemima; Bob Poole; Dr. Regg (Free Kirk); Simpson; Felucia; Marguerite; X. Y.; Mrs. Richard Ponsonby.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

OUR NUMBER FOR JANUARY will be ready for delivery to the trade in December, in order that the contents, which will be peculiarly those of a Christmas number, may be made available for Drawing-room Amusement during the holiday season. The following will be amongst the special features of the January number:—

FOUR CHRISTMAS STORIES,

THE HELVELLYN QUADRILLES,

AND AN ORIGINAL

CHARADE OPERETTA,

ENTITLED

POLLY'S BANDBOX,

Scored for Voice and Piano, in ONE SCENE.

ONE SHILLING.

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE is published on the 28th of each Month by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at the Office, 55, Fleet Street. It may be ordered of them through any Bookseller, Music-seller, or Newsvendor in town or country.

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The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley has written a gossip book on his life and recollections, and the anecdotes of fashionable life, which are given with considerable cleverness of style and a light, humorous vein, are really interesting. The Honourable author was whilom known in Cheltenham circles, where the Berkeleys ever hold a proud position; and several of his experiences date from that now decayed resort of fashion. It will be remembered that the present Dean of Carlisle at one time tenorised Cheltenham society as the Rev. Mr. Close, and fulminated against balls, theatres, and tobacco. The author of "My Life and Recollections" funnily describes the influence of the theocrat in that feeble-minded town:—"I remember," he says, "the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Close, the present Dean of Carlisle, and Colonel Berkeley's telling me that, on his introduction, the rev. gentleman thought proper to offer him his support in anything he desired. He added, 'I neglected Mr. Close's application, which I certainly would not have done if I had known as much of him as I do now.' Like the legend of 'The little Jackdaw and the Abbot,' Mr. Close then 'cursed us sitting, he cursed us walking;' he cursed the theatre, and seemed willing it should take fire, but he did not make us 'bald;' the playhouse was, however, burnt down, the tide of womankind set in with a run upon the new preacher, and his church was filled to overflowing. Ladies said enthusiastically to their male visitors on Monday, 'You should have seen Mr. Close in his pulpit yesterday; he looked so beautiful, and his action was so grand!' 'Seen!' I used to reply, 'I hope you don't go to 'look' instead of to 'hear' him. I have seen Mr. Close, and think it would do him good to attend the theatre, if only to learn a better method of delivery. When he clasps his hands together, he looks as if he were squeezing a lemon into a punchbowl, and not as if urging a plea to heaven.' The Close sensation, however, went on: fifty pairs of slippers were worked for the parson, and presented to him, as if he had been a centipede: a house was built and furnished for him at the expense of the female members of the congregation, and close and closer grew the intimacy. He took the lead with a certain class of society, and kept it. A man in a red coat was looked on as a 'scarlet' abomination; balls were forbidden; and, in short, Cheltenham no longer was a place for innocent amusement; the old *regime* was condemned and doomed, and waltzers, quadrille dancers, and sweet ballad singers sent to the denuce. It was then that the real love of the pastor or his doctrines was tested in the female bosom by the following circumstance. A devout follower of the popular clergyman was one day walking in the High-street, her mind filled with the last sermon and favourite preacher, when in passing a shop window she saw some things that attracted her eye, among them a pair of slippers. There were several pairs of slippers there, but this one pair particularly excited her attention. Presently she entered the shop, and desired that they should be brought to her. They were at once placed in her hands, with, however, the depreciatory remark:—"You won't approve of these articles; they are some of the rubbishy things Mr. Close had given him, and sets no value upon, so he has sent them here for sale." The man made a mistake. The lady apparently did approve of them, for she bought them. They had been worked by her exclusively for the feet of her rev. favourite, and she could not endure the idea of their being contemptuously discarded. She never went to Mr. Close's church again."

Here is the sketch of a clergyman of a totally different kind:—"At our hunt dinners Loraine Smith was the after-dinner life of the party. In his pockets he carried a variety of wigs and caps to suit his vocal melodies, and when called on for a song, he stooped his head for an instant beneath the table, and rose becaped or bewigged, according to the character in which he selected to sing. In short, of all clergymen officiating in a large parish, he was the most amusing I ever met. His rectory, on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, was very quaintly arranged, and so was his churchyard. He had all his garden implements scrupulously kept and painted blue with red handles. Within and over his entrance door was a written list to remind him of the things he ought to take with him when going out to shoot, and on his entrance gate, where a house dog was tied up, was written in large letters, 'Beware the dog, he bites!'

From the cultivation of his garden, he transferred his labours to the burial ground of his church, and the consternation of his parishioners may be imagined, when they discovered him, in his shirt sleeves and a red cap, with a spade, pickaxe, and red-handled blue wheelbarrow, looking like the gravedigger in 'Hamlet,' transplanting the tombstones as if they were shrubs, and ranging them in rows without any reference whatever to the graves to which they belonged. Of course, a feeble remonstrance was made occasionally by a living relative—feeble, for the rev. operator on the tombs was well known; but all cavil was silenced by the following remark from the tall and actively engaged divine:—"My house is in order, and so is everything about me: but the first thing that should be thought of is to put the House of the Lord in order. Do you suppose, my good friend, that I will let the churchyard tombstones straggle all over the land like a flock of geese? Not I." The parishioner had no more to say, and when I saw the burying ground the work had been perfected—the tombstones stood in ranks like soldiers."

The death of the best-known of all England's artists, John Leech, has called forth a number of anecdotes illustrative of his great ability, as well as his great private worth. A friend of the deceased asserts that "Leech's success was owing to his almost daily practice of jotting in his note-book every remarkable physiognomy or incident that struck him in his rambles. Such, at all events, was his practice at the commencement of his too brief career. On one occasion he and I were riding to town together in an omnibus, when an elderly gentleman, in a very peculiar dress, and with very marked features, stepped into the vehicle, and sat down immediately in front of us. We were the only inside passengers. For whom, or for what he took, or probably *mis*-took us, I know not; but he stared so hard, and made such wry faces at us, that I could scarcely refrain from laughter. My discomforture was almost completed, when Leech suddenly exclaimed, 'By the way, did Prendergast ever show you that extraordinary account which has been lately forwarded to him?' and, producing his note-book, added: 'Just run your eye up that column, and tell me what you can make of it?' The page was *blank*; but two minutes afterwards the features of that strange old gentleman gaping at us were reflected with life-like fidelity upon it. On another occasion, when also journeying with him, I saw him strike off with equal promptitude and skill the scene of a quarrel between some dirty little urchins in a suburban village. These and similar sketches served 'to fill up,' as he said, his more formal labours."

"I cannot conclude this brief note on his dexterity as an artist without adding my humble tribute of respect to his memory. His numerous pictures and sketches were the index of his constitutional temperament. He was a most genial companion and warmhearted man. It was my good fortune to become acquainted with him just as he was emerging from the 'ruck' of his profession, and taking the lead in the race of fame. No doubt he was a hard worker, and fairly won the foremost position. To his lasting credit, he never prostituted his talents to any party, political or otherwise, nor etched a line that 'brought a blush to woman's brow.' Like his illustrious schoolmate and friend, Thackeray, he could delineate the rudest life and manners without exaggeration and without indelicacy. Nature, apart from vulgarity, was ever his aim. The name of John Leech will always mark an epoch in the history of his particular line of art. For the gratification of posterity, it is to be hoped that his frank and gentle countenance will be perpetuated in stone in one or the other of our great national temples. His genius and industry fully entitle him to that distinction."

OUT OF DOORS.

The following gardening operations are recommended to sowers of wild oats by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, whose book we have quoted elsewhere:—"Rake discreetly beds of *coryphæes*—plant out chorus-singers in park villas and Montpellier cottages—refresh *premières danseuses* with champagne and chicken at the Star and Garter, Richmond, varied with cold punch and white-bait at the Crown and Sceptre, Blackwall—air *prime donne* in new broughams up and down Rotten-row—carefully bind up rising actresses with diamond rings and pearl tiaras, from Hancock's—pot ballet-dancers in dog-carts—trail slips of Columbines to box-seat in four-horse drag—support *faïres* running to seed by props from Fortnum and Mason's—leave to dry Apollos that have done blooming, and cut Don Giovannis that throw out too many suckers."

Pastime.

CHARADE.

Upon my first, close to a wood,
Sat poor young Tom the cavalier.
His constitution was not good;
His system scorned its usual food,
His spirit loathed its daily beer.
His heart was sick, and he was low;
He had been healthy once, and fatter;
His love had dealt him a sharp blow;
He thought about it—wondered at her.
Ah, dear me!
Well, well, well!
After all it doesn't matter.

The poor young man had written twice
And asked her, please to be his bride;
And though the notes were really nice,
And called her "darling" more than thrice,
The female hadn't once replied!
He felt as if my second's frost
With grey hair, toothless gab, and chatter,
Had seized him since his love was lost,
And made him old with wondering at her.
Ay, ay, ay!
To be sure!
Really though, it doesn't matter.

In after years my second came,
And he was palsied, old, and smitten.
And then he found out that his flame
Had ever "loved him still the same,"
Yet, strang to say, had never written.
The two notes did not reach the maid,
No letter ever found the latter:
And why? My whole was not prepaid,
And postal ire was levelled at her.
Dear bless me!
You don't say!
Well, but tell me: did it matter?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES IN OUR LAST.

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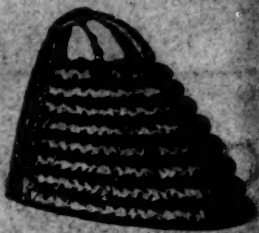
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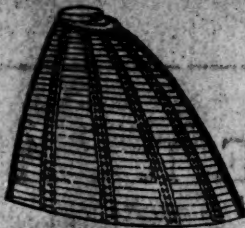
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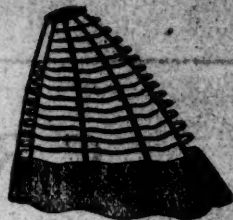
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